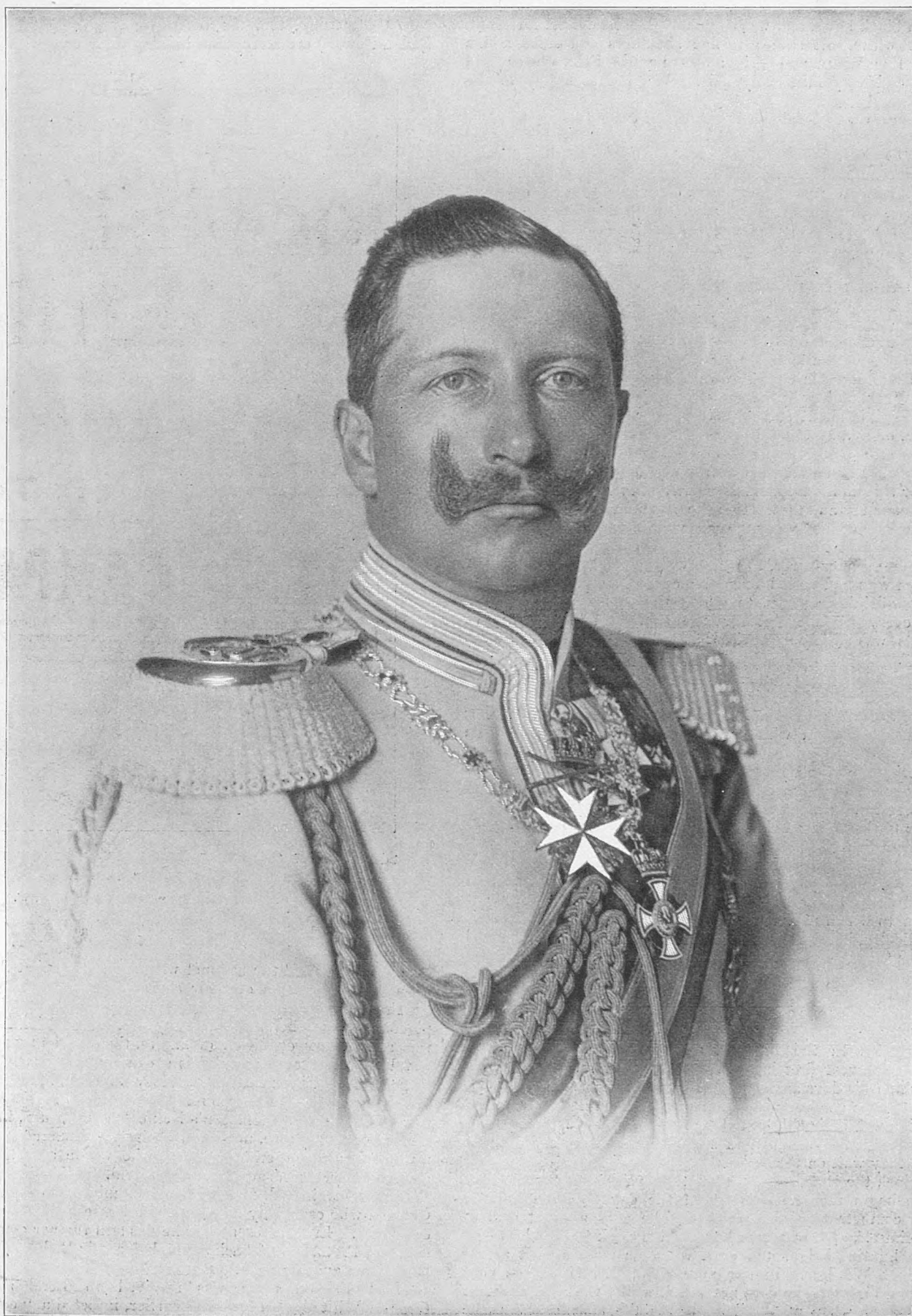




No. 356.—Vol. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



HER MAJESTY'S AND ENGLAND'S WELCOME GUEST: THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REICHARD AND LINDNER, BERLIN.



## OUR IMPERIAL GUEST, WILLIAM II.

Close on forty-one years ago the British nation received the joyful news that the beloved Princess Royal had given birth to her first child, a son, and Queen Victoria wrote to her uncle, King Leopold, "The joy and interest taken here are as great as in Prussia, which is very gratifying": while Prince Albert—surely one of the youngest grandfathers the world has ever seen, for he was at the time only eight-and-thirty—added, "Poor Fritz and the Prince and Princess (of Prussia) must have undergone terrible anxiety, as they had no hope of the birth of a living child. Their joy over a strong, healthy boy is, therefore, all the greater. In Berlin the rejoicing over the birth of an heir to the throne seems to be unbounded, and even here the sympathy is universal."

The Queen did not see her eldest grandchild till he was nearly a year old, and Her Majesty has left on record a really charming description of how the Cæsar of modern times then appeared—

"Our darling grandchild was brought. Such a little love! He came walking in at Mrs. Hobbes's (his English nurse's) hand, in a little white dress with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine, fat child, with a beautiful white, soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face, like Vicky and Fritz; . . . he has Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and very fair, curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last!"

During the years which followed his infancy, the future Emperor was constantly with his maternal grandmother, and he is fond of saying that some of his happiest recollections are connected with the holidays he spent at Osborne and at Balmoral, where he, of course, often accompanied his parents during their frequent visits to this country. Indeed, at one time, those in the entourage of Prince Bismarck were wont to call Prince William "the Englishman," because he seemed to be in so many ways rather the son of his mother than the son of his father.

Thoroughly and almost typically British is William the Second's love of the sea. Like our Queen and the Prince of Wales, he is never happier than when afloat, and since his accession to the throne he has made many determined, and, on the whole, successful, efforts to inspire his wealthier subjects with a taste for yachting. It is his ambition to make the annual Kiel Regatta become as notable in the yachting world as is the Cowes Week, and two years ago His Majesty, with the twofold object of bringing this about and of doing honour to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, offered a splendid prize to be competed for by British yachts only, the course being from Dover to Heligoland.

The result was as successful as is almost everything into which the German Emperor throws his tremendous energy and personal magnetism. With the ready courtesy and tact which he has undoubtedly inherited from the English side of his family, he managed to make all the foreign yachtsmen feel really at home; and, not content with giving on the *Hohenzollern* a State dinner-party, to which were specially invited all the British yachtsmen who had sailed over the course, he presided over a "Kneip," or beer-drinking party, to which they were made heartily welcome, and every arrangement for the comfort and pleasure of Germany's guests was closely supervised, as well as thought out, by the Emperor himself.

Not a few of William the Second's real intimates are Englishmen, the name that comes first to mind in this connection being, of course, that of Lord Lonsdale, who is often the Emperor's guest at Potsdam, and during the great hunting-parties in which His Imperial Majesty takes such keen delight.

It is characteristic of the exuberant vitality of our Imperial guest that even his sports and pleasures generally lead to something more serious; thus there can be no doubt that his love of the sea has given an immense impetus to the German Navy, while his keen interest in horses and horse-breeding has had a notable effect on German agriculture, though, with but few exceptions, he himself rides only English and Irish chargers. Some amusement was caused by the announcement that the Emperor had written and was about to produce a play; but he is essentially a man to whom the doing of anything new, especially if it presents any difficulty, has a strong attraction, and he has so organised his way of life as to make it possible for him to get through each day and each week what would seem to most people an almost impossible amount of business.

The story goes that on one occasion a famous manufacturing firm sent the Emperor a very elaborate and splendid dressing-gown, which shortly after was returned with the Imperial autograph observation, "The Hohenzollerns do not wear dressing-gowns!" No vain boast, in view of the way in which his days are spent. The Emperor is called at six in the winter, and even earlier in the summer. Half-an-hour later, their Majesties and those of their children who are no longer in the nursery sit down to breakfast, the one meal in the day when they are entirely alone and when they wait on themselves.

By eight o'clock the Emperor has read through his correspondence and is ready to begin the serious work of the day. Although he is assisted by very competent private secretaries, he does a great deal of actual writing himself, and, wherever he goes, his work follows him—on the sea, to the hunting-lodge, and even when on such a visit as his present sojourn at Windsor. In one matter William II. differs very much from Queen Victoria—he does not mind, whilst working, constant interruption; indeed, when at Potsdam, during the morning hours he receives numberless officials, including the Lord High Steward of the Household, and the heads of the Civil, Military, and Naval Cabinets, each bringing a batch of documents to be examined and signed.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Since his arrival at Cape Town (where he received a most enthusiastic welcome) Sir Redvers Buller has not kept us waiting for news from the seat of war. On the contrary, the reverse has rather been the case, for information has been received almost daily from at least half-a-dozen different places within the theatre of hostilities. So far as actual news of fighting goes, however, the most important items under this heading are concerned with the continuance of the sieges of Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley. Each of these has practically been ceaselessly bombarded for the last seven days. Fortunately, however, the effect has been of a comparatively trifling nature, for our guns are of the best possible class, and the hearts of the men behind them are, one need scarcely say, of the stoutest imaginable.

It is true that at Kimberley the other day a Boer shell was reported to have "seriously damaged a cooking-pot," but there is no reason to believe that the garrison there contemplate immediate capitulation on this account.

At Mafeking, too, the defenders (under that fine soldier, Colonel Baden-Powell) are more than holding their own with Cronjé's investing



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE BRAVE WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST," NOW A PRISONER.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

commando and their big guns. Thus, a successful attack on the enemy's trenches was here successfully carried out, the other day, by our men, who used the bayonet with such effect that the Boers promptly changed the position of their camp.

From Ladysmith, Sir George White has sent several messages, both by pigeon-post and heliograph, to say that his position is still secure. For this satisfactory condition of affairs, the excellent marksmanship of our naval and military gunners in combination is undoubtedly largely responsible. The remarkable story told by Father Matthews, on his arrival at Delagoa Bay, with reference to the alleged hoisting of the white flag by our men at Nicholson's Nek on the 30th ult., has, as was thought would prove the case, not been entirely corroborated. A great deal of mystery, however, still surrounds the whole affair, and, until this is cleared away, criticism must be withheld. Father Matthews, from whom the story originated, is a well-known military chaplain of the Roman Church, who especially distinguished himself during the last Egyptian campaign. In the present war he has still further come to the front by going to Pretoria, and back again, before Sir Redvers Buller. I give his portrait on another page.

Last Friday, news was received in London announcing that General White had, a few days earlier, inflicted a "crushing defeat" on the enemy. The report, however, must be accepted with a certain measure of reserve, for it was made on the authority of a native, who seems to have been gifted with a rather vivid imagination. There





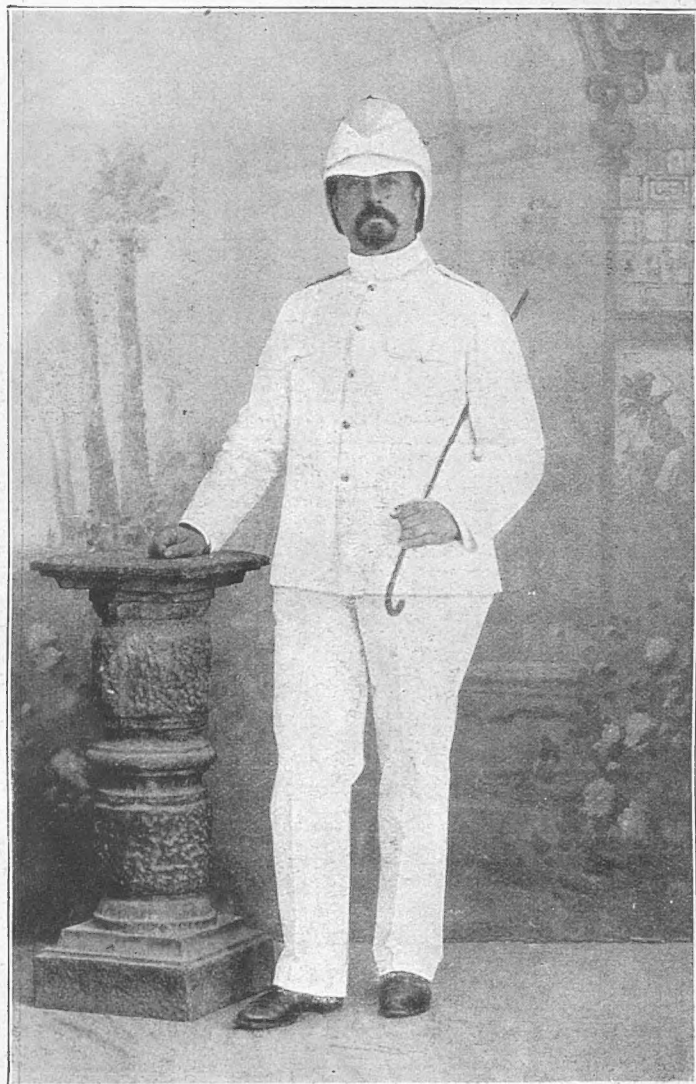
THE WELCOME OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., TO CAPE TOWN.

THE GENERAL IS SITTING ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE FRONT CARRIAGE, BACK SEAT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUFFUS BROTHERS, CAPE TOWN.



is no doubt that at Estcourt, however, some very serious fighting took place on the 15th inst. Thus, early in the morning on this day, a sharp engagement occurred near the town between two companies of the Imperial Light Horse and the Natal Carabineers and three hundred of the enemy. After an hour or two's skirmishing, our men succeeded in forcing the Boers to relinquish their position. Later on, on the same morning, an armoured train, carrying a small detachment of the Dublin Fusiliers and the Durban Light Infantry, left the town on reconnoitring duty. Near Colenso they encountered a strong force of the enemy, and accordingly commenced to retire. In order to impede this, the Boers commenced to remove the rails, and, while the Volunteers were replacing these, the remainder engaged the enemy. When the train eventually returned to Estcourt, nearly a hundred officers and men were missing. Towards evening, however, a portion of these succeeded in making their way back to headquarters. Nevertheless, on our side three men were killed and eighteen wounded, while at least another sixty were taken prisoners. Among these latter is Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, the War-Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who distinguished himself by his exceptional gallantry. It was chiefly owing to his efforts that the train



FATHER MATTHEWS, THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE BATTLE OF NICHOLSON'S NEK.

Photo by Lékégian and Co., Aire (5/1 pt).

was got back on to the line, the wounded were conveyed to the tender, and the men rallied to withstand the Boer advance. He left the train, whilst it was steaming back, to help the men left firing, and it was then he was wounded in the hand and taken to Pretoria as a prisoner. On Saturday last a determined attempt was made to "rush" the town by a strong force which advanced from the north-west. As soon as our outposts opened fire, however, the enemy retired. A telegram from General Buller, which reached London on the following day, reported that a large party of Boers was still in the vicinity, and that an engagement was expected. The message, however, ends with the satisfactory intimation: "Our position is good and the forces sufficiently strong to repulse any attack."

Throughout the week, troops have been pouring into South Africa at the rate of from three thousand to five thousand a-day, and since last Wednesday nearly seventeen thousand officers and men have arrived there. Very soon, a Fifth Division of 11,000 men (under Sir Charles Warren) will also be on its way to join General Buller's forces. On their arrival, the troops of the Army Corps that Sir Redvers will have at his immediate disposal will amount to about 38,000. With these behind him, he will be enabled to promptly enter upon the second phase of the war; that is, the offensive one. The ultimate result is scarcely likely to prove satisfactory to General Joubert and his followers.

## THE CLUBMAN.

The first intimation that Her Majesty was likely to go this winter to an Italian town on the Riviera, and not to a French town, reached England through a French hotel-keeper. To the proprietors of hotels on the French southern coast Her Majesty's visit to Nice means a great deal. A very bad season is prophesied this winter by those who should know for the French Riviera, the War and Her Majesty's absence being the principal causes.

I can testify to the pleasure with which Her Majesty's decision, should she go this year to the Riviera, to stay on Italian territory, will be received in Clubland. As I wrote a fortnight ago, there is a strong feeling in the Clubs that the French papers have outstepped the bounds of good manners in their caricatures of Her Majesty and in their abuse of this country.

"Tactful" is exactly the adjective that fits the visit of H.I.M. the German Emperor to this country. The Emperor is determined that his visit shall not be taken to mean more than it really does, and it would be ill-mannered on our part as a nation to attempt to force his hand; but in times to come we should remember that the same Sovereign who sent a telegram to Mr. Kruger when he thought the liberty of the Transvaal was being unfairly assailed has visited Great Britain when this country is fighting for liberty in the Transvaal.

The Duke of Manchester has always had a taste for amateur theatricals, and more than once it has been announced, and promptly contradicted, that he was about to go on the stage. He is now going to act with a well-known New York Amateur Club, the Strollers, and I am sure that some of the New York managers will try and tempt him on to the professional stage. "His Grace the Duke of Manchester" would look well on a programme.

Lady White is appealing to the country to send Tam-o'-Shanter caps and socks to the men who have gone through such severe times at Ladysmith. These luxuries for Tommy Atkins will be much appreciated. Leather slippers might with advantage have been included in Lady White's list. Of all the minor miseries of South African campaigning, the most trying is the necessity of sleeping in boots, and a stout pair of slippers is as good a Christmas-box as Tommy could be given. As a Christmas present for an officer in South Africa, I would suggest a silk nightcap. It does not sound a romantic gift; but, in sleeping out on the veldt, some head-covering is a necessity, and the difference in comfort between woollen and silk headgear is marvellous. I speak with an experience of three years on the veldt, mostly spent in bivouac.

In thinking and writing of the most suitable presents to send to our officers and men in South Africa, the gift of the Canadians to the men of their contingent should be kept in mind. Every Canadian who embarked on the *Sardinian* was presented with a "hussif."

Last week the departure of a distinguished German officer to join the Boer forces was reported. This week the arrival in the Transvaal of a distinguished and gallant French officer is announced. If all the scientific soldiers of Europe were to go to the Transvaal, they would have no effect on the Boer strategy. The untutored farmers think for themselves and carry out their own plans; they mistrust all foreigners, and will probably lay the blame of their defeats on the Uitlanders who have tried to make them fight like European troops.

The regimental dog of the "Fighting Fifth"—a dog who won great praise for his cool demeanour at Omdurman—has been given official leave to accompany the regiment to the relief of Kimberley. The dog would probably have gone, in any case, for the love of Tommy Atkins for his dog overleaps all barriers of red-tape. Once, in marching from an Indian station, the Commanding Officer ordered that only a certain number of dogs should be allowed to accompany the regiment. The selected dogs marched out, each with its company, but the haversacks of some of the men were strangely bulky and strangely lively. At the end of the day's march, every pet dog in the regiment mysteriously appeared in camp. Sooner than part with their four-legged friends, the men had carried them the twenty miles of the march stowed away in their haversacks. The order limiting the number of dogs was that evening withdrawn.

The shifts and expedients that the men are put to in order to keep pets with them are sometimes extraordinary. Journeying once on a hired troopship, we put in at Malta, and a sergeant, having gone on land, reappeared with a little woolly dog. The Quartermaster on duty would not allow the dog on the ship, for the official number of dogs were on board. The sergeant scratched his head, thought deeply, and then went on shore again. An hour later, he came back with a strange creature in a cage. It had four feet, but it was covered with hen's feathers. "Can't pass that there dog on board," said the stern Quartermaster. "Dog?" said the sergeant with an innocent look of surprise. "This is no dog. It's a Maltese four-footed Bird of Paradise, and there are no rules against taking birds on board." The laugh was with the sergeant, and the pet was allowed on board ship.

A chapter of animal history might be written on the regimental pets that have gone to the war in South Africa. The Gordons have taken their parrot, the Welsh Regiment has taken its goat, and at Pietermaritzburg and Cape Town, where the pets will probably stay while the regiments go to the front, there will be strange collections of animals.

Of all regimental pets, the strangest was the little Soudanese boy picked up on the battlefield at Toski by the Welsh Regiment and adopted by the corps. He was named "Jimmy Welch," and was given a good education. What happened to him when he came to man's estate I do not know.





ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, THE QUEEN'S GUEST AT WINDSOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. SCHAARWÄCHTER, BERLIN.



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Adopted by the Government of the United States.  
Used with great effect in the Campaign against Spain.  
Taken by two British Regiments to South Africa, together with a Dundonald Galloping-Gun Carriage.

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At a recent demonstration of the Colt Gun, held under service conditions at Runnymede, in the presence of Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, G.C.B., &c., and many other distinguished officers and gentlemen, it was demonstrated that the Colt Gun is unequalled for the rapidity and ease with which it can be handled, and that it combines remarkable accuracy, durability, simplicity, and convenience, excelling any gun of its class.

The Colt Automatic Gun was adopted by the United States Government after a series of exhaustive trials at Washington, extending over many months, with the Gatling, Hotchkiss, Maxim, Aecles, and other Machine Guns, and it was used by the United States Navy on board several of its vessels during the late war with Spain with great success, and more recently has been used with equally great success in the Philippines, its extraordinary powers during the course of these operations having been universally recognised. The high standard of perfection which attaches to all weapons emanating from the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company, which possesses a world-wide reputation, is one of the greatest guarantees for the excellence of the Colt Gun.

## ADVANTAGES CLAIMED FOR THE COLT GUN.

No perceptible recoil.  
Light weight—40 lbs.  
Extraordinary simplicity.  
Water Jacket unnecessary.  
Small number of parts.  
Strength and durability of mechanism.  
Fires 480 shots per minute or more, according to escape of gas allowed.  
Principle applicable to automatic guns of larger calibre.  
Barrel and breech mechanism capable of withstanding heavier charges of nitro-powder than any used for small arms.  
If, owing to defective ammunition, a stoppage occurs, it can be at once rectified by the operator and firing continued with only a momentary delay.  
The gun is less exposed to injury from an enemy's fire than guns having a Water Jacket. The Barrel especially is hardly capable of injury in this way.

## ADVANTAGES CLAIMED FOR THE DUNDONALD CARRIAGE.

Carriage unequalled for lightness, strength, and simplicity.  
Can be readily attached to any cavalry saddle.  
Instantaneous unlimbering for action, owing to patent harness and method of attachment.  
Carries a large number of rounds in feed-boxes on a revolving drum ready for instant use.  
A steady platform for firing, hence accuracy of aim.  
All-round fire.  
Lightness, so that one horse can draw the carriage at a gallop.  
Lightness and suitability for traction by man-power when not limbered up.  
A gun-carriage that, so long as one man were left efficient, would enable that man still to render efficient service either in the attack or defence.  
A gun-carriage that would, for practical purposes, carry a sufficiency of ammunition.  
Before the Colt patents were acquired by the vendors, the gun was submitted to two of the leading experts on machine-guns in England, namely, Mr. John Rigby, M.A., formerly Superintendent of the Royal Arms and Machine Gun Factory, Enfield Lock; and Colonel Nuthall, late Inspector of the Army Ordnance Department. Complete copies of their reports accompany the full Prospectus. These gentlemen have since consented to place their valuable services at the Company's disposal.

The market for automatic guns, gun-carriages, and ammunition-carts is a constantly increasing one. The principle of this gun is applicable to guns of larger calibre, an advantage that opens for it a vast field of adoption.

The Directors do not propose to be fettered with a costly establishment for manufacturing the heavier portions of the gun, which can be readily manufactured by different makers, and it is therefore proposed at first only to establish a fitting-shop, where the parts of the gun may be put together and thoroughly finished. In this manner great economy can be exercised and a much larger number of guns turned out. The Dundonald Carriage and Ammunition-Cart can also be made in similar manner.

Applications for shares should be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded with the amount of the deposit to the bankers of the Company.

Full prospectuses may be obtained from the Company, or from the bankers, brokers, or solicitors.  
London, Nov. 16, 1899.

## ABOUT ATHLETICS.

BY W. YARDLEY.

There's precious little to be said about Athletics this week, and, indeed, there would be practically nothing worthy of notice at all were it not for the match in Rugby Football between Richmond and London Scottish, and in the Association Game between Corinthians and Queen's Park, Glasgow.

The match between Richmond and London Scottish invariably arouses a deal of keen interest, and Saturday's match at Richmond was no exception to the rule in that respect, despite the fact that everything pointed to the Scots proving altogether too strong for their old opponents.

They certainly justified the judgment formed in their favour, for they simply outplayed Richmond from beginning to end, scoring no less than seven tries to nil. At least three, if not more, of the tries should have been easily converted, but Rottenburg's place-kicking was dead off-colour, and he lamentably failed to score a single goal from any one of the seven tries.

As an exposition of Rugby football, the game was naturally altogether without the interest of excitement, but there was a very great deal to admire in the play of the victors, Scott particularly distinguishing himself by consistently fine football throughout, and at times by exceptionally brilliant performances.

Corinthians v. Queen's Park, Glasgow, played on Saturday at Queen's Club, West Kensington, proved, on the other hand, a particularly interesting encounter, the former, flushed with their recent victory over Aston Villa for Sheriff Dewar's Charity Shield, playing up with great energy, and ultimately proving victorious by the narrow margin of 2 goals to 1.

This result is all the more satisfactory to Corinthians from the fact that last year Queen's Park, Glasgow, proved their superiors in both matches played, winning by 5 to 2 and 2 to 1, or an aggregate of 7 goals to 3.

These two combinations have now played altogether twenty-eight matches, of which the Scotchmen have won twelve to the Southerners' eleven, the other five having been drawn games. As a matter of preponderance of goals, however, Corinthians have a distinct advantage.

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**HEALTH and CONDITION in the ACTIVE and the SEDENTARY,** by N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, Royal Coll. Phys. Lond., Author of "Foods for the Fat."—Contents: Perfect health, how to attain. Deviations from health. Insidious causes of disease. Causes of premature decay. Diseases due to diet only curable by diet. Epochs in life. Exigencies of modern society. Idiosyncrasies. The foundation of health. Tight lacing, diseases from. Preservation of female beauty. A short life and a merry one. Constitutional flaws. Aristocratic ailments. The London season. The debutante. The diet of grief. Vegetarianism injurious. Ailments of malnutrition and of excess. Obesity, gout, acidity, leanness, indigestion, &c., &c.

Opinions of the Press: "Those who desire a long and healthy life will perhaps find their best means of obtaining it in the study and observance of such rules as are laid down here. The book is a rational and practical guide to 'Health and Condition.'—*MONSIEUR PIERRE*. "Full of valuable hints and suggestive warnings as to the results of improper food and insufficient exercise."—*DAILY TELEGRAPH*.  
London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, and CO., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The beautiful suite of rooms occupied by the German Emperor during his stay at Windsor is known as the Tapestry Suite, and is exclusively preserved for the use of foreign Sovereigns. The tapestry from which the rooms take their name consists of some fine modern panels copied from old designs, and made at the old Windsor Tapestry Works, the manufactory which owed its being to the patronage of the late Duke of Albany. In the sitting-room stands the prize piano, made in Toronto, shown at the last Colonial Exhibition. The dressing-room, as is so often the case with Royal apartments of the kind, really forms a second sitting-room, and contains some very interesting portraits, including Queen Charlotte, by Lawrence; and here also the Queen's Imperial guest can see what he looked like as a little boy. There is also a unique and extremely fine painting of the late Empress of Austria, sent by the Emperor when his wife was in the height of youth and beauty to his good friend Queen Victoria. In the large bedroom belonging to the suite are some very fine miniatures. The Tapestry Suite was very splendidly renovated in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who occupied it shortly after their marriage.

Just under the Tapestry Suite are the rooms generally assigned to important political personages during their dine-and-sleep visits to Windsor. The suite is quite small, and consists of two bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and a sitting-room fitted up as a study, which latter contains an excellent medallion-portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. In one matter the guest-chambers at Windsor are sadly lacking—few of them contain any books; consequently, it sometimes occurs that an unhappy visitor finds himself compelled to spend two or three hours before dinner in absolute bookless solitude. Those who are familiar with the ways of the Castle, of course, come amply provided with whatever form of light literature they affect.

A State Banquet in St. George's Hall was among the entertainments provided for the Imperial couple. It would be difficult to find a more splendid background for such a function; indeed, St. George's Hall is a very much more splendid apartment than the famous Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. On the panelled walls are the Arms on shields of all the Knights of the Garter; and when a State Banquet takes place, everything is in splendid keeping, the actual meal being, of course, served on the so-called gold plate, which is really silver-gilt, although there are a considerable number of dishes of pure gold. The vases, cups, and candelabra which form so valuable a portion of the Royal plate are displayed on the sideboards which are placed at each end of St. George's Hall whenever a State Banquet is about to take place. Close on a million pounds' worth of plate will be used or shown on this occasion, the trophies including the Indian peacock, valued at £50,000, the body of which is studded with rubies, emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, and pearls, and which is rivalled only by the tiger's head, known as "Tippoo's Footstool," which was, like the peacock, taken during the looting of Seringapatam. Some of the most valuable and beautiful of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee gifts which have never before been used will make their appearance in honour of the German Emperor and his Consort.

It is sad that it should be so, but we know, on the highest authority, that the question of tipping is often as agitating to Royal and Imperial personages as it is to humbler mortals. The question was very much complicated as regards the visits of Sovereigns to this country by the ill-timed munificence of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. After spending three nights at Windsor, in 1855, he left £1500 to be distributed in vases, as well as innumerable pieces of more or less valuable jewellery, which included a necklace for the then housekeeper. When this became known to Prince Albert, he decided that henceforth a regular sum per night should be fixed upon, and that the official member of the Sovereign guest's suite should in future be told by the Lord Steward how much he was expected to give. The sum fixed was £50 a-night, but, as an actual fact, although this is the minimum, a much larger amount is generally

paid over, especially by members of the Russian Imperial family, who are not only generous, but exceedingly wealthy. I should say that many of the Queen's guests, and many of her honoured guests, are not in a position to give enormous tips. This is particularly true of certain younger members of German Grand-Ducal families. It was really in their interest that an attempt was made to check the tipping abuse, not only at Windsor, but also at Sandringham.

The *Hohenzollern*, the German Emperor's yacht, is by far the most splendid of royal floating homes, for in it His Imperial Majesty has been able to indulge to the full his instinct for gorgeousness of colouring—an instinct, or taste, which he certainly does not inherit from his mother or from her relations, for nothing can be plainer in their general fittings than the various boats owned by our Royal Family. The reception-room on the *Hohenzollern* is upholstered in blue and white brocade, even the walls being covered with silk tapestry in the same colours. Mirrors and a few water-colours form the only actual decoration, but some palms and fresh flowers give the apartment a curiously un-yachtlike look. Even the dining-saloon, with its ten small tables, each accommodating eight people, looks as if it had been lifted out of one of the newer German palaces. The Emperor and Empress's own state-rooms are far more splendidly furnished and arranged than are their apartments at Potsdam; the bedsteads, which are of aluminium, are hung with dove-coloured satin, and all the furniture is of bird's-eye maple. In this connection, it is rather curious to reflect that the *Hohenzollern* is, first and foremost, a warship; that is to say, she has a full complement of modern guns and Krupp cannon, and could be turned, at a very few hours' notice, into a formidable cruiser.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who has been very much pleased with the success attending the *Anglo-American*, hopes to be able to go out with the American hospital-ship, the *Maine*. Her son, Mr. Winston Churchill, was acting as War Correspondent to the *Morning Post* when he, after fighting with the bravery of his race, was taken prisoner, with others, in the armoured-train near Estcourt on Nov. 15. The nursing arrangements will be supervised by a prominent member of the Army Medical Service, and the Matron will also be British, but the four nurses are all American, and have been most carefully chosen by the foremost nursing authority in America. Quite a number of hospital-ships, for which the funds have been raised by private enterprise, will be in South African waters by Christmas; that which

owes its inception to the Princess of Wales has naturally aroused the most enthusiasm, and presents and luxuries of every kind, destined to the fortunate wounded who will be nursed on her, are pouring in from every quarter of the kingdom, while the Duke of Newcastle, with characteristic generosity, is providing a complete set of Röntgen Ray apparatus for the operating-cabins.

Colonel the Earl of Dundonald, whose galloping machine-gun will probably figure for the first time in cavalry movements against the enemy in South Africa, inherits the inventive genius of his ancestors. It was the famous Admiral Cochrane—he distinguished himself by destroying Napoleon's fleet in the Basque Roads—who first suggested the use of compressed air in tunnelling operations, through the agency of which the Blackwall Tunnel beneath the Thames was constructed with such comparative safety to life and limb. Lord Dundonald's inventions are entirely of a military nature, and include the light gun-carriage for quick-firing guns, the chief merit of which is the remarkable rapidity with which the limbering-up and unlimbering processes can be accomplished, and a most useful utensil known as the "Instra," for burning slow-combustion fuel, which was employed with much success during the recent operations on the Indian frontier. His lordship, as is well known, is a brother of Mr. Thomas Cochrane, M.P., Mr. Chamberlain's Parliamentary Private Secretary, who, as Hon. Major of the 4th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Renfrew Militia), will probably spend the greater part of the Recess on duty.



PHOTO OF THE MARBLE BUST OF THE QUEEN.

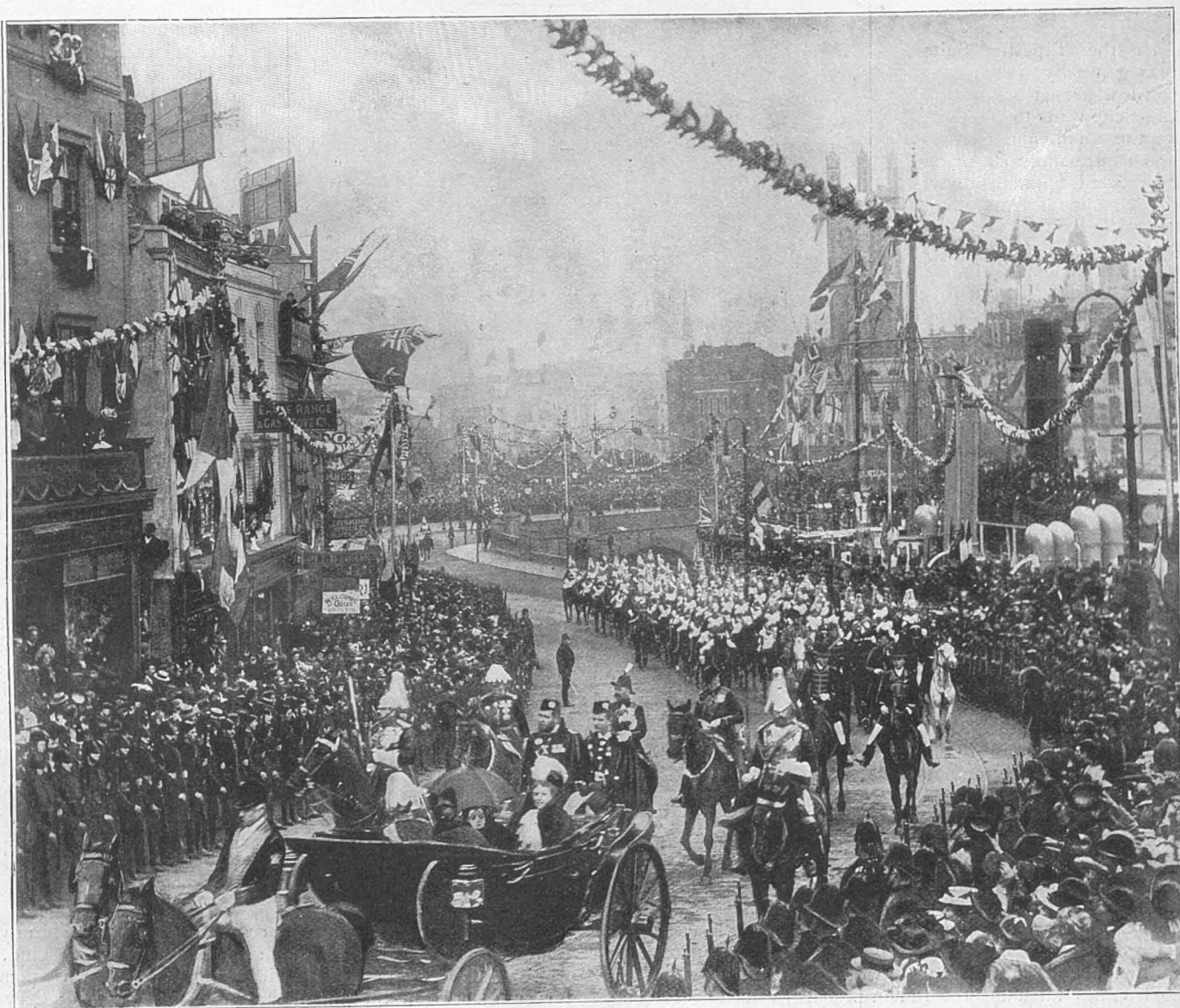
Executed by the Countess Fedora Gleichen, and presented to the Cheltenham Ladies' College. The Bust was unveiled by Princess Henry of Battenberg recently.



The hearty loyalty and flourishing prosperity characteristic of Bristol are admirably typified in the animated photograph of the Queen driving through that city on Wednesday last on her way to open the noble Convalescent Home erected by public-spirited Bristolians to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of her Majesty. Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Connaught accompanied the Queen, whose speech in acknowledgment of the Mayor's address of welcome was full of personal interest and patriotic warmth: "I thank you for your loyal address and for the hearty welcome and the dutiful good wishes which I have received from the inhabitants of Bristol. It gives me much pleasure to revisit your ancient city, so rich in associations with the history of these Islands and of my Colonies over the seas, and to find that, since I came here, nearly seventy years ago, in company with my beloved mother, it exhibits such an admirable growth in size and wealth in the provision of charitable, educational, and recreative institutions for the benefit of its citizens. The sense of union and brotherhood which has, under the Divine blessing, welded together my Empire in times of peace has now proved itself in the hour of trial

There is a human kindness about the German Emperor which is not made material for newspaper paragraphs, but which is, nevertheless, absolutely unequalled. Those who know the Kaiser will confirm the fact that he is the modern Haroun-al-Raschid. It is only a few months ago that, hearing of a case of distress—a widow left destitute, with four or five children—he determined to investigate the affair himself, simply because he was informed that his generosity might be imposed upon. Disguised as would have been the potentate of Bagdad had he dwelt on the Spree, the Emperor visited the bereaved woman's house, inquired into her necessities, and, without making her aware of his position, made himself assured that his bounty would be well bestowed. To this day the widow does not know to whom she is indebted for a liberal pension. But this is only one of many similar acts.

When the Emperor was last in this country, an English journalist sent him a copy of an old Navy List, in order to point out to His Majesty how many ships in the British Navy owed their names to their predecessors having been captured from the French. The journalist did



VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO BRISTOL, ON NOV. 15, TO OPEN THE NEW JUBILEE CONVALESCENT HOME: ENTHUSIASTICALLY LOYAL WELCOME AS HER MAJESTY PASSED THE WARSHIP "ANTELOPE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY IVOR CASTLE, CLIFTON.

also. I share the pride which you must feel that men drawn from this district have recently been conspicuous among my gallant soldiers and sailors in South Africa for valour and devotion to duty." So pleased was Her Majesty with the true West of England fervour of her reception in Bristol that she knighted the Mayor then and there ("Rise, Sir Herbert Ashman!"); and upon the most liberal individual subscriber to the funds for the Convalescent Home, Mr. Edward Payson Wills, the Queen bestowed the Order of K.C.B. It is computed that nearly a million persons lined the route Her Majesty followed, and there was no mistaking the heartiness of the ringing cheers evoked by the presence of our venerable and well-loved Sovereign.

A remarkably good equestrian portrait of the Prince of Wales in military uniform has been painted by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, and has attracted much attention at Graves's Art Gallery, Pall Mall. By Royal command, Mr. Woodville's admirable portrait was taken to Windsor Castle to be inspected by Her Majesty, who graciously expressed her warm appreciation of the artist's skill. His Royal Highness himself signed the book for a proof of the photogravure to be prepared by Messrs. Graves from the painting. The Prince's example will, doubtless, be widely followed.

not wish the Emperor to imagine that, in forwarding the book in question, he desired any recompense or acknowledgment, and, therefore, put no address on his letter. But, three months afterwards, he received at his private house a most courteous acknowledgment of the little gift from the German Ambassador in London.

Not at all too soon, the leading West-End shops are being improved out of knowledge. A vast change for the better, for example, has been effected by Messrs. Edwin Streeter and Co., Limited, the diamond-merchants and silversmiths, of 18, New Bond Street. Pointing with justifiable pride to the spacious new silver show-room with a coved gallery constructed in the rear of his premises, Mr. Streeter drops a useful hint to buyers of Christmas presents when he remarks that real silver articles are often sold at a lower price than electro-plated goods of a similar nature. Surely, a reason for the purchase of sterling silver! A liberal education in the value of jewels may be obtained by the inspection, under skilful guidance, of the brilliant cases of diamonds and other precious stones. The transformations, made by Messrs. Streeter at a cost of upwards of £10,000, are to be credited to that rising and artistic architect, whose work has brightened so many shops in London, Mr. David H. Waddell. Gray's Inn Chambers, 20, High Holborn.



On Captain Robinson going to the *Vernon*, he will be succeeded in the *Terrible* by Captain Percy Scott, who has been an exceedingly lucky officer. Twice on the staff of the *Excellent*, both as First Lieutenant and Commander, he did much to improve the School of Gunnery, and while Commander of the *Excellent* he performed good work to ensure the success of the Naval Exhibition. On being promoted, his services were devoted to the Ordnance Department until he took command of the *Seylla* in the Mediterranean, when the ship made a record for gunnery that was entirely phenomenal. Captain Scott is only forty-six years of age, and has a brilliant career before him.

A peculiarly sad feature of the death of Lieut.-Colonel Keith-Falconer is that his marriage to Miss Blagrove occurred only a few months ago, and that she was one of those who, taking their courage in both hands, had proceeded to the Cape in order to be nearer the front, being one of the party of ladies who went out on the same boat, the *Dunottar Castle*, as did Sir Redvers Buller and his Staff. There is something terrible in the thought that Colonel Keith-Falconer should have lost his life in his regiment's very first brush with the enemy, the more so that during the Khartoum Expedition, when acting as Brigade-Major to General Macdonald, he ran far greater risks than those which seemed to await him in South Africa. Mrs. Keith-Falconer has been the first bride to be so bereaved. May she be the last!

Lieut.-Colonel Audley Dallas Neeld, who has temporarily vacated the command of the 2nd Life Guards in order to go out to South Africa at the head of the newly formed composite regiment of Household

Cavalry, will there make his first acquaintance with active service. He joined his regiment in 1869, and only recently succeeded Lieut.-Colonel the Earl of Dundonald in its command. Colonel Neeld is considered

one of the best judges of horses in the service, and under his supervision the chargers of his regiment have been brought into a very fine condition indeed. Owing to the fact that, when fully accoutred, a Lifeguardsman rides at least 16 st., they have to be good weight-carriers. As suitable animals cannot be obtained in Natal, the detachment is taking out its own horses. A photograph of Lieut.-Colonel Neeld will be found on page 183.

The Household Cavalry take precedence of all regiments in the British Army, and, like the Foot Guards, are maintained primarily as a personal guard for the Sovereign. Thus, they are only available for garrison duty in London and Windsor. The last occasion on which a regiment of the Household Cavalry as a whole was engaged in the field was at Waterloo. A detachment from the three regiments—namely, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards—was present at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882. A composite force under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Audley Dallas Neeld (as already intimated) starts on Dec. 1 for the Transvaal.

As was the case in Egypt, the officers and men forming part of this force will temporarily take leave of the glories of their shining cuirasses and burnished headgear, for these have been replaced by the less ornate (but eminently more serviceable) cork helmets and khaki "frocks" of the ordinary cavalryman's fighting-kit. Her Majesty's good wishes for the safe return of the Guards are echoed by *The Sketch*.



CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT, WHO SUCCEEDS CAPTAIN ROBINSON IN COMMAND OF THE "TERRIBLE."



THE LATE COLONEL KEITH-FALCONER, KILLED AT BELMONT, NEAR THE ORANGE RIVER.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THE HON. RALPH POMEROY, WHO SO GALLANTLY SAVED THE LIFE OF A TROOPER NEAR LADYSMITH, UNDER GENERAL BROCKLEHURST

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

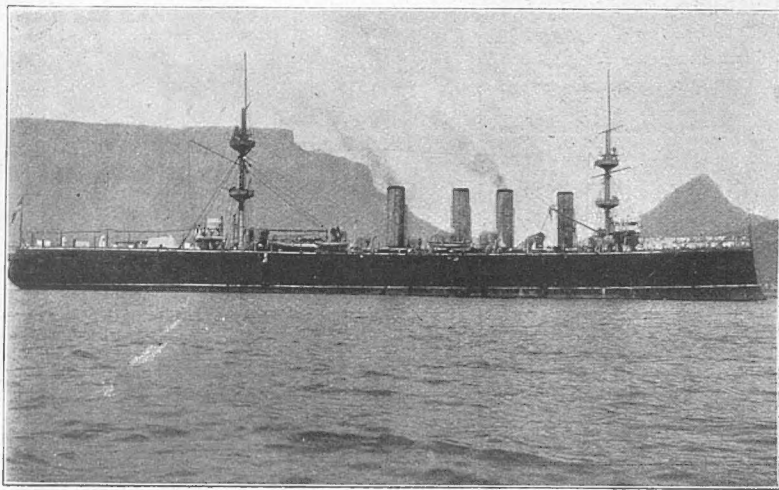


There was an element of decided novelty about the programme arranged by Mrs. Brown-Potter for the entertainment in aid of the American Hospital-Ship Fund, held at Claridge's Hotel on the afternoon of the 18th inst. The name given it—a "Thé Concert"—was correctly descriptive in every sense, for it commenced at half-past four, when the tea-urns usually begin to steam, and was carried on indefinitely until an hour that was not too inconveniently near dinner. Among the entertainments provided was the American Biograph, which was "turned on" in the smoking-room. Possibly the most interesting moving-picture to be seen on this occasion was the photograph of the chief ladies of the General Committee and the Executive Committee being received by Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds, and Mrs. Blow, at Walsingham House. This, of course, had been specially taken for the occasion, and as the series of pictures obtained comprised those of such well-known women as the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Lady Craven, Mrs. Bradley Martin, and Mrs. Brown-Potter, it goes without saying that the representation was of special interest even to the general public.

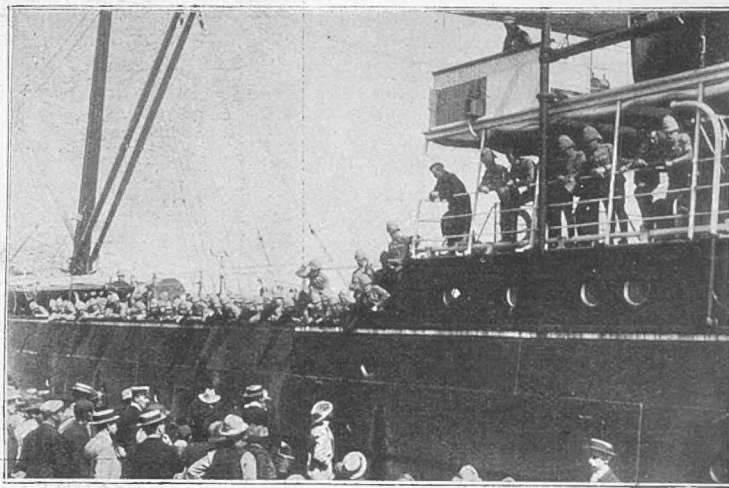
An amateur theatrical performance is being arranged, under distinguished patronage, including the whole of the Headquarter Staff

Maritzburg. Here he tried to join the Imperial Light Horse, but, his mount being a buck-jumper, his first attempt at riding was not a pronounced success. His only lodging at present is the open-air, for his money is almost gone, and even to sleep in the shelter of a verandah costs a sum beyond his means. Yet his pluck remains, and this lad of eighteen intends to see the thing through. He has kept his camera through all his vicissitudes, and has taken many interesting snapshots.

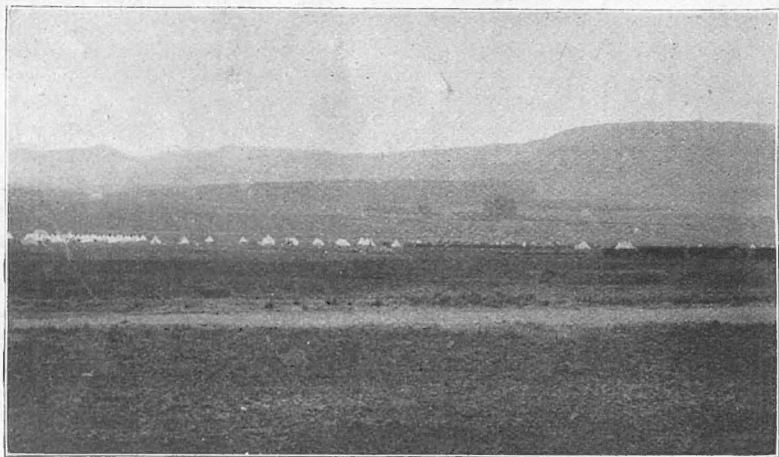
The formation of a Fifth Division for South Africa brings one of our most famous regiments to the front, for the cavalry corps detailed is the 14th (King's) Hussars, immortalised by Lever in "Charles O'Malley" as the "14th Light Dragoons." The 14th have always been a specially distinguished corps, in the Peninsular War, between 1812 to 1814, taking part in no less than thirty-five recorded engagements, and in five-and-a-half years' campaigning against the French losing some seven hundred men and sixteen hundred horses. The distinctive badge of the "Prussian Eagle" has been borne by the 14th since 1798, when it was given the regiment by George III. in honour of the Princess Royal of Prussia, who had married the then Duke of York. At Chillianwallah the 14th met with something like disaster, through an order of "Threes about" being given by someone unidentified; but later on in the same



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: H.M.S. "POWERFUL" IN TABLE BAY, PRIOR TO TAKING MORE BIG GUNS TO DURBAN.



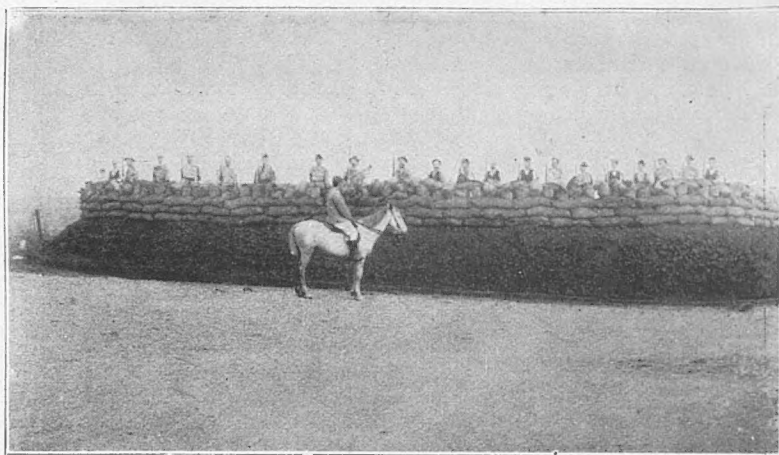
THE TRANSVAAL WAR: ARRIVAL OF THE TRANSPORT "NARRUNG" AT CAPE TOWN, OCT. 14, WITH THE 9TH LANCERS FROM INDIA.



CAMP AT DUNDEE, CALLED "GLENCOE CAMP," SCENE OF THE RECENT BATTLE.

of the War Office, in aid of the funds for the benefit of wives and children, as well as widows and orphans, of soldiers and sailors engaged in the Transvaal War. An Executive Committee has been formed, including, among others, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Romney, Lord Rathmore, Lord Claud Hamilton, Major-General Trotter, Major and Mrs. Norton, Mr. Herbert Praed. The programme will include a matinée and evening performances, which will take place during the week commencing Monday, Jan. 15, 1900. A member of the committee having expressed his intention of defraying all expenses incidental to the performances, the whole of the receipts will be paid into the funds.

Here is a typical tale of a "refugee," a lad of eighteen, who went to South Africa for his health's sake eight months ago. He was furnished with letters of introduction to people at Cradock, but on arriving at Port Elizabeth obtained a situation, afterwards going on to Cradock, to remain only a few weeks. His goal was the "City of Gold," Johannesburg, and here he obtained a situation in a lawyer's office. Then came the war, and, taking fright, his landlady sold the furniture, as it stood, to a Boer; so that evening, when the young Englishman got home, his belongings had disappeared. However, he, with some companions, "camped" in the empty house till disturbed at night by the "Zarps," who appeared with revolvers ready. He was ordered to leave Johannesburg, and went per cattle-truck to Lourenço Marques, thence to



NO. 5 REDOUBT: DUNDEE TOWN GUARD, UNDER COMMAND OF CAPT. PEARSE.

battle they did splendid service. From "Douro" to "Central India" the honours of the regiment run, the list on the drum-cloths—Hussars not carrying standards—being exceeded but by two cavalry regiments in the British Army, and equalled by only another two, one of these being, strangely enough, their comrades at Chillianwallah, the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, now in South Africa. The "Ramnuggar Boys" are delighted at the prospect of active service.

The Duke of Abercorn writes me that his eleven nephews now serving in South Africa are by no means mythical warriors, as was intimated (to my great regret) in *The Sketch* of the 8th inst. His Grace favours me with a complete list of the gallant eleven, and here it is—

Lichfield: Major Hon. H. Anson, Highland Light Infantry. Major H. Streatfeild (by marriage), Grenadier Guards; Staff.  
Buccleuch: Captain Lord George Scott, 10th P.W.O. Hussars. Captain Hon. T. Brand (by marriage), Brigade-Major to General Brabazon.  
Durham: Captain Hon. Hedworth Lambton, R.N., H.M.S. *Powerful* (at Ladysmith). Major Hon. C. Lambton, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers. Major Hon. W. Lambton, Coldstream Guards.  
Lansdowne: Earl of Kerry, Grenadier Guards. Lieutenant Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Royal Dragoons.  
Lord C. Hamilton: Lieutenant G. Hamilton, Grenadier Guards.  
Lord G. Hamilton, M.P.: R. C. Hamilton (Midshipman), H.M.S. *Powerful* (at Ladysmith).

May they one and all return safely to Old England!



Few modern actresses have so taking a style as Miss Cynthia Brooke, who, in private life, is Mrs. F. G. Latham, the wife of the popular stage- and business-manager of the Adelphi Theatre. For some time Miss Brooke has been associated with the fortunes of the Criterion, where she is now acting in "My Daughter-in-Law," for Mr. Wyndham engaged her for "The Liars," in which she played the part of a charming widow, while in "The Jest," as a nun, she added a singularly pathetic character to the list of her creations. Perhaps the first part which brought her claims to the highest artistic consideration prominently before the playgoers of the country was that of Mrs. Tanqueray, in which she took up the part created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and played it in all the larger towns of the kingdom, and at those suburban houses which, though within the Metropolitan area, are, by a curious latitude of reasoning, supposed to be out of London. In addition to the intellectuality of her acting, in which the enthusiastic playgoer delights, Miss Brooke has beauty of face of a distinguished character, which commands the admiration of men, and that gift of being always well-dressed, which, the social philosopher declares, never fails to call forth the envy of women.

It is difficult to write collectedly of the scenes at the War Office in the Ladies' Lobby when the latest news from the front is posted on the green board in the western entrance-hall. Crowds of women of all ranks fly to the fatal spot as soon as the arrival of a telegram is made known; and the bitter woe its tidings convey may be seen by the faces of the eager crowd which presses forward, and which lessens, only to be replenished from behind, as those who have learnt the result of the engagement pass out in sorrow or in gladness—gladness, they realise, which may be very short-lived. The departure of the troops cast a gloom over many a household in this country—this is the sequel, and a sad one it is.

To detail the cases of special heroism when the worst has been learnt would be invidious; moreover, it would be impossible to make a selection. For our Englishwomen stand alone in the courageous way in which they battle against the despair that gnaws their hearts. The little space at their disposal is thronged with women, and each one there knows, as she crosses the threshold, that she may receive the news she dreads most before she recrosses it. Yet she is brave—they are all brave—even when the blow has fallen. Some break down, tears must

have their way; others keep their feelings in check at perhaps a greater cost. Yet, none the less, the one is not to be praised more than the other. It is a matter of temperament, and the woman who weeps is every whit as noble as her sister who is dry-eyed. Think what the news means, and then condemn the stricken for their weakness if you can.



MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE, NOW PLAYING THE COUNTESS LODOISKA BYRZOWSKI IN "MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW," AT THE CRITERION.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

The war-fever is still extraordinarily strong. An Alpine tourist who slipped over a precipice (2500 feet), the other day, flashed in mid-air past another party a thousand feet lower down. They heard him murmuring, "... Ladysmith. If only an Army Corps ...," in a tone of annoyance. Then he was impaled on the spike of a rock below. A Yorkshireman, an "absent-minded beggar," was asked the result of a football match he had been at, and said, "Two killed, five wounded (three severely)." Parents will find as suitable Christmas gifts for children "Colonel Gore on Lyddite" and "Advantages Possessed by Cavalry in a Rout," by Captain Martingale.

What are we going to do with President Kruger when the Union Jack once more waves over Pretoria? Nine out of ten Englishmen have never considered the matter: the other individual (including Mr. Joseph Chamberlain) has very carefully bestowed his thought upon the question. "Oom Paul," be it remembered, stands in quite a different "kraal" to his brother President, the misguided Steyn of the Orange Free State. Mr. Kruger, who was born a British subject, is precisely in the same position as, for instance, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt would be *vis-à-vis* of the German Emperor. He is a vassal of the Queen-Empress, with no right to declare war or make treaties. In fact, he is a rebel, and as a rebel

he will be treated. He cannot be allowed to remain in South Africa; it would not be altogether dignified if we were to send him to St. Helena or Ceylon. But he has to be housed somewhere. He is very rich, and he is old, and unless my special information is wrong, he will, under guarantees from the Dutch Government, end his days in Holland. President Steyn is the dupe of the situation, for he believed in Hofmeyr and Schreiner, and all his many English friends regret that the Head of the Orange State has been led astray. The man who will come out of the fray with credit to himself is Piet Joubert. He is, intellectually, far above the average Boer. General Joubert is made of precisely the same material as was General Monk before he became the leader of the Restoration.



VIEW OF SIMON'S BAY, SHOWING THE "POWERFUL," "TERRIBLE," "DORIS," AND "PENNELOPE."



The *Isis*, the bright little undergraduate journal that has come to be quite a necessary part of an Oxford man's career, had a bit the other day at one of *The Sketch* contributors who accused that University of taking things too seriously. In the issue of the *Isis* for Nov. 11, I find the dramatic critic writing in deadly earnest about "The Tyranny of Tears." He says—

Perhaps the play is not of the very first order—is not even to be placed so high as "Lord and Lady Algy": it suffers rather too obviously from the disadvantage of having been written for—an unkind critic would say "round"—Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. At the same time, Mr. Haddon Chambers has not been content to write two or three good parts and disregard the play as a whole, and his work demands all the praise which is justly given to careful workmanship, a sense of style, and some feeling for character.

Speaking for myself, I don't think Miss Mary Moore had by any means the best lady's part—in fact, the author allowed her to be scored off all round. But there, there! The *Isis* knows, bless your heart!

I have this week had an opportunity of viewing a large luncheon-car which has just been completed by Messrs. W. and F. Thorn, 19, Great Portland Square, for Mr. D'Arey, of Grosvenor Square, who has taken the Norfolk shootings, near Dereham, of the late Mr. Colman. This luncheon-car is especially devised for shooting-parties, and it is fitted with a movable mahogany table (with ample sitting room around it) capable of lunching no less than ten persons in comfort. The whole of the sides can be unfastened and extended, so as to form a continuation of the roof. By this ingenious arrangement the whole of the service of the repast can be done from outside, while the occupants within are also protected from both sun and rain, with the additional advantage of abundant ventilation in the hottest weather.

The City of London Corporation has so many notable acts of public usefulness and beneficence standing to its credit that the community cannot but deplore the fact that more than one time-server and reckless speculator has been allowed to push himself into Mayoral rank. For this reason, it is a source of genuine satisfaction when so estimable a civic representative as Mr. T. V. Bowater has been chosen Common Councilman for the Ward of Vintry. Mr. Bowater, worthy son of a worthy sire, is the well-known paper-manufacturer of 28, Queen Street, E.C. Well-educated, urbane, a good speaker, and in the prime of life, Mr. Bowater is one of the very best type of City men. The Corporation is lucky to have won so capable and so energetic and hearty a Councilman. Good luck to him!

MR. T. V. BOWATER, ELECTED COMMON COUNCILMAN OF THE WARD OF VINTRY.

As this number of *The Sketch* contains a timely illustrated article on how the Röntgen Rays will be used in warfare, I may be allowed to wish godspeed to the plucky young son of my good friend the Editor of *Lloyd's*, Mr. Henry Catling, who has been sent out to South Africa by the War Office in order that he may work the X-rays where necessary for surgical operations at "the front." Mr. Catling, who has been perfecting himself in X-ray work under Dr. Barry Blackett at St. Thomas's Hospital, left Southampton last Thursday on board the *British Princess*, which carried the "C" Squadron 2nd Dragoons and a number of hospital appliances.

Talking of the employment of the Röntgen Rays at the Seat of War, why on earth did not the Government think of supplying Sir George White with wireless telegraph apparatus? With that, he could have communicated as much as he wished with the British commander at Estcourt when the Boers environed him at Ladysmith and cut him off from Colenso. Pigeon-post is but a frail substitute.

Famous American ships seem by way of meeting bad luck. It is not so very long ago that the *Kearsarge* (of the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* fight) was lost; and now the *Charleston* has met disaster upon one of those unknown reefs that take their toll from all navies. The *Charleston* has no "war record," but some years ago she was much before the public in connection with the Chilean Revolution. Her fame, however, rests upon her being the first ship of the new United States Navy. She was growing obsolete, and, as a warship, is no great loss; but sentiment will probably make some of our cousins feel that they could have "better spared a better ship."

The theft of the *Magnie's* secret-signal code is mostly "bunkum." Something was stolen; but in Service circles at Devonport it was supposed to be the weather that really delayed her. As like as not, the real reason why the "secret-signal log" was stolen—or, anyway, why so much publicity has been given to the matter—is that the theft of this sort of thing is the stock subject for minor novelists bent on a modern

naval story. It "tells" with the public, presumably. But in the Navy there's a general disposition to laugh when reports of this sort get into the papers.

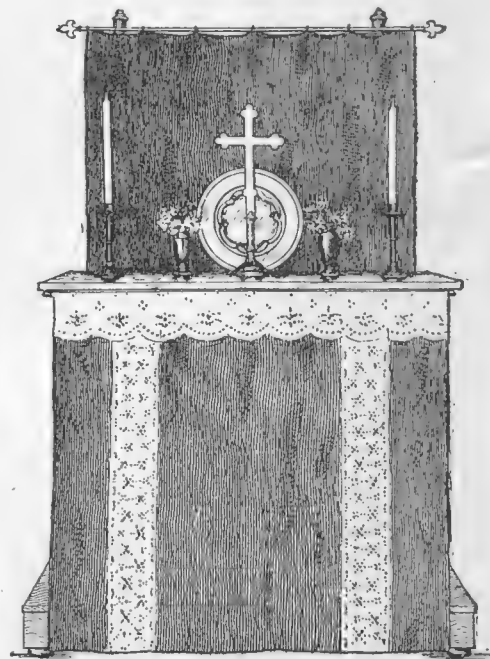
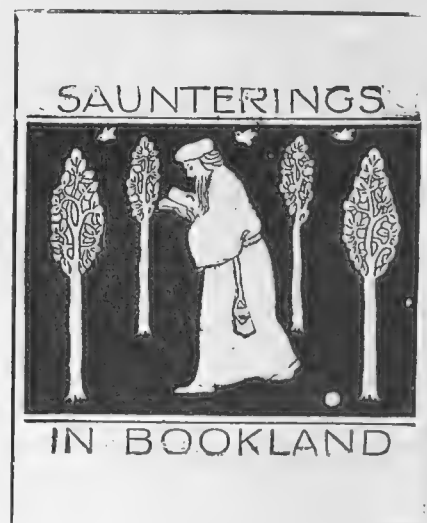
"The Pleasures of Literature and the Solace of Books," a charming volume by Mr. Joseph Shaylor, with a delightful introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang, prepared one for the same ardent book-lover's latest tome, "Saunterings in Bookland, with Readings By the Way," a gem of neat printing and good binding, published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co. Dedicated by Mr. Shaylor to his children, this judicious collection of thoughtful essays by Charles Lamb, Thomas de Quincey, James Payn, William Hazlitt, George Henry Lewes, and others, makes sweet and pure reading. It is a pleasant and refreshing change, indeed, in these troublous and warlike times to find solacing recreation in the literary paths in which Mr. Shaylor acts as a genial guide. I must refer the gentle reader to *The Sketch* Illustrated Literary Supplement for Nov. 29 for a chat about the "Pleasures of Literature" of the present year.

"Justice to Ireland" is done in a not unrelishable form for the majority of M.P.'s from the Emerald Isle in the House of Commons. A correspondent wishes me to inform the Chairman of the Dublin Distillers' Company that a vat of John Jameson's ten-year-old Irish whisky (none better) is on tap at St. Stephen's. But surely the information would have been more timely when Parliament meets again.

Gentlewomen whose fortunes have decayed and who are too honest to mend them are taking to providing cycling-teas in the country for tourists. There is no reason, for that matter, why the Lord of the Manor should not take out a licence for selling tobacco or keep a book-stall. A nigger-minstrel entertainment by the "younger sons of peers" would draw custom, and the Ladies Vere de Vere could make up as mysterious Japs. Tumble-down Squires can start refuges for lost cats and inebriates' homes (which will not hinder a trade in wines and spirits with *bona-fide* travellers). "Castles" and "Parks" can be fitted with mutoscopes and gramophones, and boot-laces, bone studs, palmistry (by the daughters), ginger-beer, and post-cards sold on the premises. One peer is said to be going to take midget photographs on his demesne. "Other times, other manors."

THE NEW JOURNALISM.—"For grand special features see *Sunday Whims*, the latest halfpenny paper (edited by the Duke of Pressborough). Letters this week from our War - Correspondents, Lord Stonibroke, the Earl of Deetees, and Hon. A. Bust. 'Children's Chatter' by Field-Marshal Sir John Stirrups, V.C. Weekly, one halfpenny. Printed and published by the Marquis of Pica, Limited.—[ADVT.]

Among the fittings provided for the hospital-ship, *Princess of Wales*, which Her Royal Highness, with thoughtful solicitude for the wounded, is despatching to South Africa, will be found an excellent article for the reverent celebration of Divine Service. The "Sanctable," designed and presented by the Church Agency, Limited, has already been introduced into the Royal Navy, and has the merit of simplicity combined with dignity of appearance. It can be unpacked and erected on the base formed by its own packing-case in the space of three minutes, and when not in use is enclosed in a case five and a-half inches only in height.



"SANCTABLE" PRESENTED BY THE CHURCH AGENCY, LIMITED, TO THE "PRINCESS OF WALES" HOSPITAL-SHIP.



M. Paderewski has the most lovely head of hair and the biggest heart of any pianist in the world. As to the former of these statements, the portrait of the eminent Pole that I reproduce will bear me out; in defence of the latter, I may remind you that, on Tuesday, Nov. 28, prior to his departure for America, M. Paderewski will give a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall, when the total proceeds will be given to the Mansion House Fund for the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans. I hope many of my readers will be present on this occasion, when they will have the opportunity of enjoying a great musical treat, and, at the same time, helping one of the best causes that it is possible to conceive.

A fine morning, with roads in fair condition, greeted those members of the Motor-Car Club who, in accordance with the custom established three years ago, when the Light Locomotives Act first came into force, started on Nov. 13 from the Métropole for the run to Brighton. Over one hundred and thirty cars and cycles had been entered for the procession, and of these one hundred and four actually started when the bugle-call was sounded punctually at eleven o'clock. The route to Brighton, rendered almost classical by the numerous cyclists who have in turn lowered the record-time in which the return distance has been covered, was not adopted, the road chosen lying through Croydon and Reigate, *via* Kennington Road and Brixton Hill. A number of motor-cycles were in evidence, and certainly, with their broad pneumatic tyres, scored over the solid-tyred cars in all the districts in which the road was intersected with tram-lines. Indeed, it was entirely owing to these that a rather bad smash occurred almost at the top of the hill, a Bollee car skidding and, in its fall, bringing over a two-seated motor-waggon following close behind. Before Croydon was reached, no less than eighteen had been temporarily disabled; but these were speedily put right, and the first really bad mishap did not occur until later in the day. At Reigate a halt was called for lunch, and an opportunity to catch the rest was thus afforded those who were not too far behind. Many, however, were now travelling slowly, and the pilot cars, eager to reach Brighton in good time, forged ahead once again long before the stragglers had arrived at Reigate. The long ascent of Peas Pottage Hill tried many of the engines, and more than one car could only climb to the summit through timely manual assistance rendered by its passengers. That this failure, however, was more due to the driver's want of knowledge of the engine than to any mechanical fault was to be inferred from the fact that small cars, driven with less horse-power, were comfortably coaxed to the top.

But, if the engines were faultless, this was more than could be said for some of the cars. About two miles short of Preston, one was completely disabled through the back axle snapping in two, and this, being utterly hopeless so far as the rest of the proceedings were

concerned, was removed to the unobtrusive position in an adjacent field that is indicated in the accompanying photograph. A mile or so further on the road an even more serious breakdown occurred. In the effort to avoid collision with a carelessly driven Victoria, the front and back off-wheels of an almost new Daimler were entirely smashed, whilst the offending carriage escaped with one broken spoke. The wreck was removed to a side-road, where it was watched over throughout the night whilst new wheels were sent for.

The majority of the cars, however, completed the distance without accident of any kind, and of the one hundred and four that started from London, ninety-five reached Brighton, over seventy of them coming in before six o'clock. I was lucky enough to be on board a Benz car, driven by Mr. Stradling, of the firm of Stradling and Plenty. We did eighteen miles an hour with ease, and I quite agreed with Mr. Stradling that, for sheer fun, driving a horse is not in it with taking charge of a motor. I was much interested in the starting contrivance just patented by the same firm, which enables the driver to start the motor-engine without leaving his seat. The festivities of the day were concluded with a banquet served at the Brighton Hôtel Métropole, which was largely attended by those interested in motor-cars and the motor industry. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Harry J. Lawson, Sir Summers Vine occupied the chair.

Many of my readers are writing to ask me what I should like for a Christmas present. I think the idea is an excellent one, and therefore have no hesitation in stating my willingness to accept anything whatever, from a motor-phaeton to a pair of slippers. The Assistant-Editor, who is nothing if not insinuating, suggests a "Swan" Fountain Pen. Now I wonder what he means by that?

On the 28th of this month Lord Salisbury will pay his first visit to the little Yorkshire town of Dewsbury, the place that is known to the ends of the earth as the capital of the shoddy and mungo industries. Needless to say, the announcement of his forthcoming visit created the greatest possible interest throughout the whole Division, and extensive preparations have been and are being made for the accommodation of the huge crowd that is sure to be there. It is, however, somewhat amusing to learn that there is no building large enough to hold a fourth of the expected visitors, such are the limits of these small towns, while it is still more amusing to know that an old, disused warehouse is being rapidly converted into a Club for the use of the seven hundred delegates who have been invited. Nevertheless, in spite of these drawbacks, our noble Prime Minister, going into the middle of a Liberal stronghold, will find he is appreciated at his proper worth by the shrewd, hard-working children of the loom, who have true hearts beating beneath their dirty coats, and active, clear brains working underneath their greasy caps, and clear, strong voices that will hail the Leader of the Government in tones of praise and admiration.



M. PADEREWSKI AT THE PIANOFORTE ON WHICH HE IS TO PLAY AT THE CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MANSION HOUSE PATRIOTIC FUND.

*Reproduced by permission of Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



MOTOR-CAR CLUB RUN TO BRIGHTON: DAIMLER CAR, TAKEN AFTER THE COLLISION NEAR PRESTON PARK.



MOTOR-CAR CLUB RUN TO BRIGHTON: NO. 64 RETIRES FROM THE FRAY FOR A REST.



The magnificent sum collected at the City Athenæum Club for the sale of seats at Wyndham's Theatre on the opening night was unprecedented. And yet so few West-Enders know the C.A.C., familiar in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange by its self-given and unflattering title of "The Kitchen"! The founder of the City Athenæum was Mr. A. E. Wells, who at one time controlled the fortunes of the famous Pelican Club. He recognised that a Club for members of the "Bourse," worked on the highest principles in so far as refreshments were concerned, would be bound to succeed, and accordingly he pitched his camp in Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, where he got together one of the most influential Committees possible, the Chairman being Mr. Henley Clarke, and another stalwart supporter being Mr. "Charlie" Clarke, the man who "hammered" President Kruger on 'Change, and also acted as auctioneer at the Wyndham sale of tickets. The "Kitchen" is one of the cheeriest places East of Temple Bar, but perhaps it is the more cheery because "Young Feller" Wells is the presiding genius.

Mr. Wells is not only a Club proprietor, but also a *littérateur*, being the joint author of "A Pink 'Un and a Pelican" and "The Scarlet City," in which he collaborated with the writer who calls himself "Pot," as does Mr. Wells style himself "Swears."

On the opening night of the Wyndham Theatre the receipts amounted to the prodigious sum of £4000 and a bit. It will be remembered how everyone was surprised on a former occasion when Mr. Wyndham raised as much as £1500,

and Butler, Wine Merchants to Her Majesty, a pipe of Port for use on the Princess of Wales's Hospital-ship.



MR. A. E. WELLS, FOUNDER AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE CITY ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

and that sum was considered immense. What £4000 means may be judged from the fact that the house at normal rates holds £250; in other words, the places averaged sixteen times their normal rate. "Fancy that!" as poor Tesman would have said. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the evening was so picturesque, interesting, and even exciting, that few regretted their sixteen-time payment, and many must have looked upon it as an excellent investment.

The Argonaut Club's dinner to Mr. Charles Wyndham, on the Sunday previous to the opening of the new playhouse named after him, was one of the most delightful ever held at the Hôtel Cecil. Langfieri's photographic memento of it will interest many. Nothing could have been heartier in praise of Mr. Wyndham than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's eulogium; nothing more elegant than the reply of the eloquent guest of the evening.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast and Western of France Railway Companies are arranging with the French Government for the attendance of French Customs Officers at Victoria Station, in order that passengers *via* the Newhaven and Dieppe route may have their registered baggage cleared in London prior to departure for France. It is hoped that this important facility will be brought into force by Jan. 1 next.

I am requested to state that the Central British Red Cross Committee have accepted from Hedges and Butler, Wine Merchants to Her Majesty, a pipe of Port for use on the Princess of Wales's Hospital-ship.

Mr. Cyril Maude Mr. H. A. Jones. Mr. Birnbaum (Hon. Sec.). Mr. Wyndham.

Mr. Waller.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

Mr. "Max O'Reil."



Mrs. H. A. Jones.

Mrs. Tree.

Miss Mary Moore.

Mrs. Cyril Maude.

Mrs. Wyndham.

THE ARGONAUT CLUB: DINNER TO MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM ON SUNDAY, NOV. 12; THE TOP TABLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.





LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AUDLEY DALLAS NEELD,  
OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS, WHO IS TO COMMAND THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY REGIMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE CRAZE OF THE HOUR.

The most popular "seeress" of her sex in town is Madame Voyer, who combines clairvoyance with chiromancy; but undoubtedly the pet palmist of stage and other celebrities is Count Hamong, otherwise Cheiro, about whom so much has been talked and written that there is very little left to say. In his waiting-room, familiar faces of actors and actresses who have made their mark in life meet one on every side, and in his autograph-book we read the same tale.

"The curious thing about the study of theatrical people's hands," said Cheiro, when I called to consult him on the subject, "is that, in the great majority of them, the line technically known as the Head Line—that is, the second from the fingers, crossing the centre of the hand—is not joined at the commencement with the third, or Life Line. If I were to take impressions of a hundred actors' and actresses' hands, we would find ninety per cent. with these lines separated. The reverse of this mark—that is, the lines joined—is found among scientists, doctors, &c. With such men it is rare to find the line open. A player with these lines closed would be—what shall I say?—more scientific and calculating, somewhat distrustful and timid; whereas, with the line open, they are impetuous, self-confident, rather daring and reckless, with the dramatic instinct strongly developed."

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's hand is a good example of this, and so is Mr. Charles Wyndham's, reproduced here. Cheiro also showed me impressions of the hands of Mesdames Melba and Calvé and Mr. Wilson Barrett, in all of which the same peculiarity is to be found.

I might mention here, as an interesting fact within my own experience, that in the few hands of literary people which I happen to have examined personally, the exact opposite is the case. All of them have the lines of Head and Life joined quite a long way into the palm.

The impression of Madame Bernhardt's palm was obtained by Cheiro in 1892, when visiting her at her house in Regent's Park. The hand of so extraordinary a woman would naturally present an intricate and difficult study, but scarcely sufficiently so to baffle such skill as Cheiro's. He recalls the visit as one of his happiest professional experiences. The divine Sarah listened with great interest to his delineation, and waxed enthusiastic over the palmist's answers to her innumerable questions. At the close of the interview, she wrote some lines in his autograph-book, of which the following is a good literal translation—

Since God has placed lines and marks on our hands that warn us of difficulties and trials, I only regret that from these marks we cannot also see the future of those dear to us, that we might warn them of dangers that are to come; but God doeth all things well—so be it, then. — SARAH BERNHARDT, 1892.

The impression of Sir Redvers Buller's palm was taken in July 1894, at which time Cheiro was making a collection of the hands of

themselves is a proof—if not of supernatural powers of divination—at least, of uncommon foresightedness on Cheiro's part.

The lines of Sir Redvers' hand present a very interesting study. The Line of Life, instead of running parallel to the Line of Head at the commencement, either joined or apart, as the case may be, *passes* the Head Line, and ascends straight up towards the first, or Finger of Power (Jupiter). The Line of Fate takes a similar direction, instead of going, as usual, towards the second, or Finger of Fate (Saturn). This, according to the language of palmistry, is found only in the hands of statesmen and men of authority; it indicates the power to lead and to rule. Both these peculiarities in the Lines of Fate and Life are also to be found in the hand of the Right. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. It is noticeable that Sir Redvers' Fate Line ascends straight and clear up the hand, without at any point touching the Line of Life, another indication of a strong personality bound to overcome all obstacles. His Line of Heart is curious in that it stretches right across the palm, instead of stopping three-quarters of the way across and inclining upwards to the first finger, as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

This portrait of Madame Voyer gives my readers some idea of her personal appearance. Those who desire a nearer acquaintance, on which to test the magnetic powers of the original, must consult her in the usual way. Cheiro is now renewing former triumphs in America. Madame Voyer lives in a slim, unromantic-looking house in Vigo Street, but when you ascend to her bijou flat you will agree that it belies its exterior. Mystery abounds in the tiny drawing-room; romance is wreathed round its every corner. It is daintily furnished and full of flowers; a few portraits of the beautiful clairvoyante are to be seen, but the observer's interest centres instantly and acutely on the thick velvet curtains which divide the Gentiles' Court from the inner sanctum, where the Ofacle presides. You can hear the low, soft tones of a voice which possesses a peculiar quality of magnetism, and withal a hint of tears. It exercises a curious fascination. You listen, spellbound, to its subdued rise and fall—no

words being distinguishable—and your excitement increases with every minute. Nor are you disappointed when, the last client being dismissed, you are allowed to penetrate the mysteries of those heavy curtains, and take your turn.

The clairvoyante is seated at a table, looking into a crystal ball,

which lies on a little mirror in front of her. A slim, small woman, with a perfect miniature figure, Paris-clad, exquisitely coiffé, pale, with a scarlet mouth and a world of indefinable subtlety in the saddest of dark eyes imaginable—she might have stepped straight out of a decadent modern novel. A magic little lady, this *fin-de-siècle* Sibyl, and those who yearn for a little oasis of mystery in the dreary desert of our prosaic modern world would do well to seek her out and listen to her reading of the crystal ball.



MADAME VOYER, THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

Photo by Jacolette, South Kensington



THE HAND OF MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

famous people, and those likely to one day be famous. Out of the three military officials whose hands were sought after, one happened to be Colonel—now Lord—Kitchener, and one General Buller. The fact that both these gentlemen have since so prominently distinguished



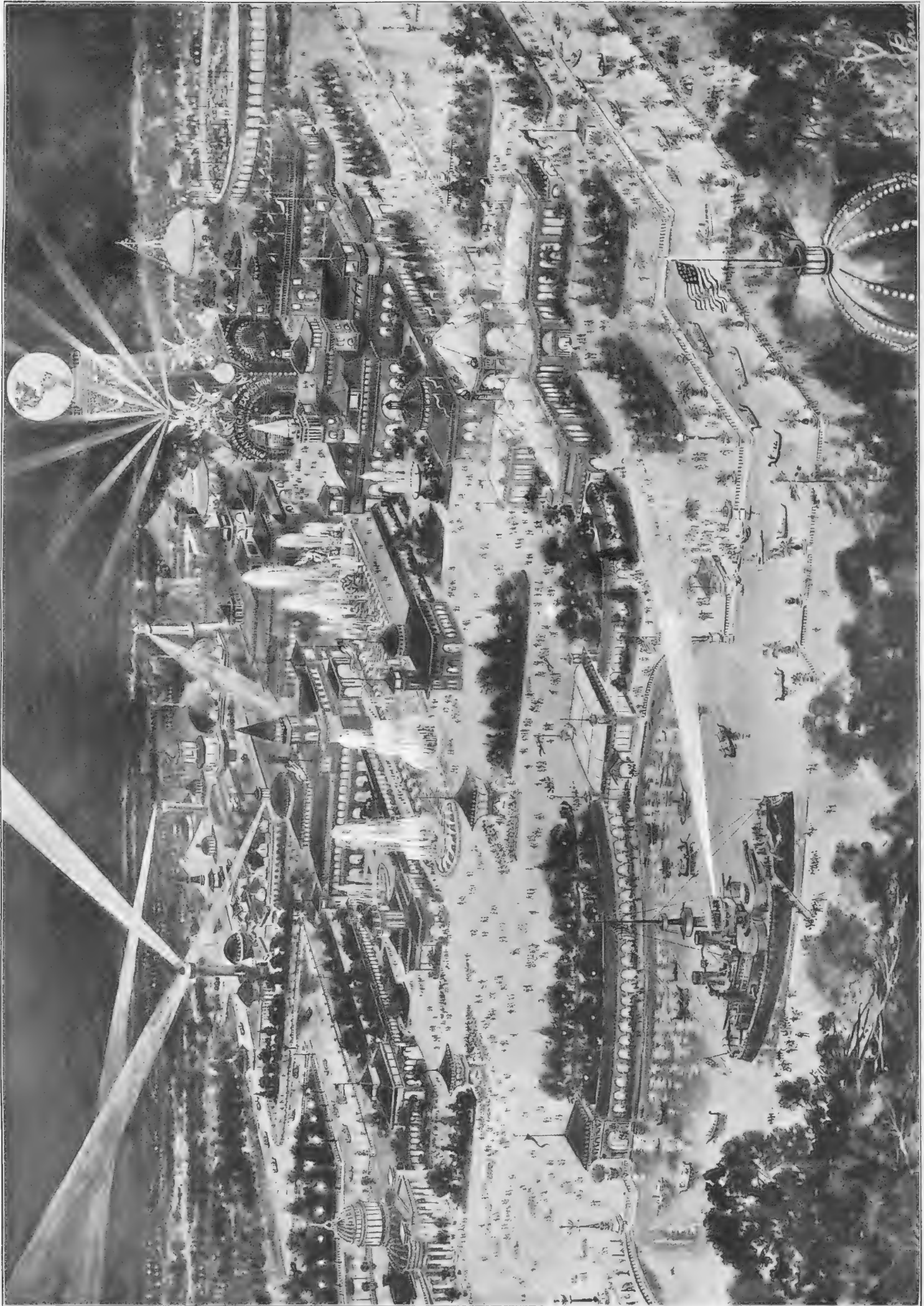
THE RIGHT HAND OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

MAUD CHURTON.





CONSULTING THE ORACLE; OR, PALMING IT OFF.



THE PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK, MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1901.

DRAWN FROM THE BLOCK PLAN OF THE BOARD OF ARCHITECTS BY VICTOR PETARD.



## MRS. JOHN BILLINGTON WHO WELL MERITS A THUMPING GOOD BENEFIT.



CYNTHIA IN "FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."

Photo by Naudin, Brompton.

when he appeared, first at Sadler's Wells, and afterwards at the Lyceum Theatre, in Frederic Lemaitre's great part of Paillasse, turned into English under the name of "Belphegor." In this piece Mrs. Billington played the boy in Manchester, as Miss Marie Wilton (now Lady Bancroft) did afterwards at the Lyceum in London. Mrs. Billington had previously played the Fool in "King Lear" (another part that Charles Dillon represented very creditably), and the boy Albert in "William Tell." After gaining a reputation in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, playing all things and many others, and even dancing a double hornpipe in "Black-Eyed Susan"—they had to work in those days!—meeting the best actors and actresses, and playing with most of them, she tramped the country from North to South, until, with her husband, Mr. John Billington, she settled down for a time at a historic house, the old Theatre Royal, Birmingham. There, by a lucky chance, they came under the observant eye of Mr. Benjamin Webster, and the London manager first gave the husband a position at the Old Adelphi. There he played young men's parts, and so many "lovers" that some of the critical wags (myself amongst the number) gave him the name of "Billing-and-Cooington." It was not long before his wife, Mrs. Billington, followed him, and just escaped being put into that curious old-time production, an

A well-known line in Shakspeare's soliloquy, "The Seven Ages of Man," reminds us that "we have all our exits and our entrances." The entrances, of course, come first, and the exits follow. Mrs. John Billington's (Miss Adelaide Mortimer) entrances have been various, many of them brilliant, and all of them satisfactory; and now that she approaches the most important exit of her long and creditable career, she finds that she is held in pleasant remembrance by the First Lady in the Land, and is to be honoured with the active patronage of Royalty.

Mrs. Billington began her stage work at the old Queen's Theatre, Manchester, a curious hexagonal-shaped house, that was largely devoted to drama and melodrama. She was under the management of a most capable emotional actor, Mr. Charles Dillon, who made a London reputation afterwards

word "sketch") to escape the grip of the Patent Theatres or the claws of the Licensing Acts. New Strand burlesque made an advance on Old Adelphi burlesque, and Mr. Webster resolved to dabble in it. He engaged Miss Marie Wilton. Into this world of musical-farce-cum-Strand-burlesque, Mrs. John Billington descended, endowed with a model pair of legs, and she made a sensation as Venus in "Cupid and Psyche," some time before Miss Ada Cavendish was heard of at the Royalty Theatre in the same classical character. Miss Marie Wilton played Cupid, Miss Mary Keeley, Psyche, and Paul Bedford, Jupiter.

Once started at the Adelphi—a theatre with which she was destined to be associated for many years—she made herself generally useful, as they had to do in the 'sixties. She began at the Old Adelphi—a house that was long under the management



GRETCHEN IN "RIP VAN WINKLE."

Photo by Walker and Sons, Cavendish Square, W.

of Frederick Yates, the father of Edmund Yates, a fine actor, but an old-fashioned manager, and Mrs. Yates, who might have been called "the acknowledged heroine of domestic drama." Frederick Yates had a theory that, as long as he gave his playgoers good plays and a good company, they would bear any amount of physical discomfort with patience, and get to like it. He believed in hard wooden seats, in "half-price," and he thought a theatre, to be a theatre, ought to smell of escaped gas, orange-peel, and the bad printer's-ink used in the long old-time ragged play-bills. His friends often suggested that the time had come to rebuild the Old Adelphi, but he never listened. He left the reconstruction task to his successor, Benjamin Webster. She played in farces with the low-comedians; and was not afraid of appearing at half-past six, to play the people in, and after eleven at night, to play the people out, in the days before the Act for the suppression of suppers was thought of. She took strong parts in strong dramas. Sometimes it was Meg Merrilies, sometimes a Madame Céleste part, and sometimes a character in what was then called the "legitimate" drama. When Joseph Jefferson came to England, and was furnished by Dion Boucicault with "Rip Van Winkle," Mrs. Billington was chosen to play Gretchen, the wife, and contributed by her power-



MRS. JOHN BILLINGTON.

Photo by Amey, Portsmouth.

ful and pathetic performances to the success of one of the dramatic features of the century. She may have had occasionally to rub shoulders with "Adelphi guests," but she was rewarded by playing with men and women like Benjamin Webster, Madame Céleste, Miss Woolgar, Kate Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley and their daughter Mary, Edward Wright, Charles Stuart, Paul Bedford and J. L. Toole, Charles Selby, David Fisher, Charles Mathews and Miss Marie Wilton. Dion Boucicault and his charming wife, Edward Falconer and Joseph Jefferson. With such people on the stage, what audience thought of the unswept pit or smelt the musty hangings in the boxes? That she held her own with such players entitles her to tender consideration, and that she is in failing health more than justifies a friendly benefit, which takes place next Tuesday at the Lyceum Theatre.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.



IN "LOST IN LONDON."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.



J. L. 1010

A "SERIOUS-FAMILY" GROUP.

Photo by Ward and Co., Belfast.

## THE RÖNTGEN RAYS IN THE WAR.

When Professor Röntgen made his wonderful discovery that there existed a kind of ray capable of penetrating a great number of substances, this new advance in scientific knowledge was warmly welcomed by the officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps, for they saw in it a means of investigating, either by the eye or by a photograph, the condition of the interior of the body. The location and extraction of bullets has hitherto been always a difficult process. The erratic course they often take after entering the body renders their discovery a tedious process, and sometimes the bullet cannot be found at all.

The Röntgen Rays have, fortunately, changed all this. By the aid of the "fluorescent screen," the doctor is able to literally peer into his patient and to discover any foreign object which may lie concealed behind the outer covering of flesh. If the screen be not to hand, a photograph can be taken, which, on development, will show the bullet, and the surgeon can then proceed to operate with confidence. The Röntgen Rays have already been used in actual warfare, and are now playing an important part in the present Transvaal Campaign. The Duke of Newcastle has generously provided the hospital-ship, the

Major Battersby was in charge of the Röntgen apparatus with the Nile Expeditionary Force in the Soudan. In the present Transvaal War Major Beevor is again to the front, and his previous experience in Radiography should stand him in good stead. It is quite needless to dwell on the great importance of a Röntgen Ray outfit in actual warfare, for this has been proved by the experience of Major Beevor and Major Battersby. We can only be thankful that science has found yet one more method of alleviating human pain and suffering, and be grateful to the savants who have by their discoveries been the means of saving so many valuable lives.

It is not enough for the surgeon to have a fine photograph or "skiagraph" of the part of the human frame showing the presence of a foreign body. He wants more than that to enable him to operate with complete confidence. He wishes, for instance, to know the size of the object, and its position and depth from the skin at any point he may select.

Ever since the use of the X-rays in surgery there has been a great need for some simple method of "localisation."

In innumerable cases, operators have failed to remove foreign bodies because they could not tell where to find them. An ordinary Röntgen photograph showing a needle, a bullet, a piece of metal, &c., in the flesh is a most deceptive thing. You cannot tell how deep in the body the object



"X"-RAY WORK IN THE ARMY: TEN-INCH INDUCTION-COIL AT WORK. MAJOR BATTERSBY TAKING A SKIAGRAM OF THE SHOULDER. PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE IN SPECIALLY DEvised WOODEN PLATE-HOLDER UNDER SHOULDER-JOINT. AN INGENIOUS TUBE-HOLDER IS ALSO SEEN.

*Princess of Wales*, with a complete Röntgen Ray outfit, and Sir Peter and Lady Walker have done the same for the hospital-ship *Spartan*. At the numerous base-hospitals and field-hospitals in South Africa the X-rays are being used extensively, and the benefit that will accrue to our wounded soldiers by their employment will be indeed great.

During the Græco-Turkish War, the Spanish-American War, the recent Frontier Expeditions in India, and the Soudan Campaign of 1898, the surgeons had at their disposal this splendid addition to the healing art. In the cases of the Græco-Turkish and the Spanish-American Wars, there are few details forthcoming as to the beneficial results of the application of the X-rays in the search for bullets.

In the last two instances, however, more information is to hand.

In a recent lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, Major W. C. Beevor, R.A.M.C., Surgeon-Major 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, gave a very interesting account of the results of the employment of the Röntgen Rays in the recent Frontier Expedition in India, and suggested some modifications in the construction of the appliances for generating the X-ray which had suggested themselves to him after working amongst the wounded on the field of battle and in its adjacent hospitals.

Again, at a meeting of the Röntgen Society, the other day, Major J. C. Battersby, R.A.M.C., read a paper, illustrated by lantern-slides, on the present position of the Röntgen Rays in military surgery.

you wish to remove is, whether near the surface or at some depth, neither can you form any idea of its size. These new Rays were, in fact, often provocative of more harm than good, for the surgeon was apt to operate, feeling confident he knew exactly where to cut, whereas, in reality, the foreign substance was in quite a different place.

Many minds have been at work endeavouring to find some means of exact measurement and localisation, but none succeeded in devising a really satisfactory method until Mr. Mackenzie Davidson, the well-known ophthalmic surgeon, came forward with the apparatus about to be described. This apparatus is here illustrated.

The result of this process is that it is now possible to draw an outline of a foreign body on the patient's skin, and give the depth below the skin of any of its parts, thus enabling the operator to know the precise direction and depth at which it can be reached from any point he may select.

Since this wonderful discovery, Mr. Davidson has turned his attention to the extraction, by means of the Röntgen Rays, of fragments which find their way into human eyes. This field has up to now been quite untouched, no surgeon daring to operate on the eye with only an ordinary X-ray picture to guide him. By his new apparatus, Mr. Davidson has already saved numerous eyes which must otherwise have been lost, and his epoch-making invention will enable hundreds of eyes to be saved, and will prove one of the greatest blessings that science has bestowed on the human race.



Nobody needs to be told how difficult it is to operate on the eye. Many a man has lost his sight because the surgeon could not tell what the nature of the disturbing body was—its size or its position.

The ophthalmic surgeon will experience this difficulty no longer, for he has only to follow Mr. Davidson's simple methods to be able to



"X"-RAY WORK IN THE ARMY: BULLET IN THE LEFT ANKLE.  
Photo taken by Major Battersby.

diagnose correctly, to operate successfully, and to remove the offending substance with certainty and directness.

Mr. Davidson's object is to take two "skiagrams" of the head, from two different points of view. The photograph of the apparatus will give an idea of the way in which the Crookes' tube slides up and down a horizontal bar, which has a scale on the front of it graduated in millimètres. In all other cases but those of the eye, the patient places the part to be photographed on the plate shown in the picture, and two exposures are made on the plate, the tube being pushed along the bar for the second exposure.

In eye operations the method is somewhat different. In these cases, two pictures from different points of view are taken on separate plates. After the two plates have been exposed—the vacuum-tube being in each case in a different position on the bar—they are developed and fixed in the usual way, and the surgeon may at once detect on each plate the existence of a small piece of metal in the lens of the patient's eye.

Now, from the measurements made before exposing the plates and from these two negatives, one could, by means of mathematical formulæ or geometrical drawing to scale, arrive at a correct knowledge of the position of the piece of metal.

But this would be a tedious and difficult process, involving long, abstruse calculations.

Mr. Davidson's method of localisation is simplicity itself. Upon an iron stand a piece of plate-glass is placed horizontally. Then there is a horizontal bar which slides up and down upon two vertical brass rods. On this bar there is a millimètre scale, with a small notch at each millimètre mark. On the glass plate there are two lines, cut with a diamond at right angles to each other. The scale is now raised or lowered, so as to make the 0° on it precisely at the same height vertically above the negative as the anode of the Crookes' tube was from the photographic plate.

In cases where two separate pictures are taken on the same plate, the negative is placed upon the horizontal stage, and is so adjusted that it is now in exactly the same conditions as it occupied when it was being taken. All that is now required is to trace the path of the X-rays which produced the negative, and this is done in a very simple way.

The distance on each side of the middle point of the scale to which the anode was displaced being known, two fine white silk threads are placed at these spots. Small weights are attached to one of the ends of each thread, while the other is threaded into a fine needle, which is weighted by being fixed with small lead weights, its shape resembling a mouse.

On the negative, two foreign bodies (say, needles) are seen. If one of the threads is placed on the point of the needle in one shadow

correctly, it will indicate the path of the X-ray that produced the shadow of the needle-point.

If the other thread is placed on the corresponding point of the other needle-shadow, it follows that the position actually occupied by the point of the needle in the flesh of the patient is precisely where the two threads cross.

By means now of a pair of compasses and an upright square, the operator can at once give the surgeon the exact depth at which each of the extremities of the needle can be reached by a vertical puncture.

In cases where separate pictures are taken on two negatives, the measurements are made in much the same way, the threads being adjusted to each shadow of the foreign body in question.

This marvellous discovery is but a few months old, and yet it has had great results. Many cases have occurred in which surgeons have endeavoured unsuccessfully to operate from an ordinary X-ray picture. When Mr. Davidson's localising method was applied, the substance was at once extracted with the greatest ease.

It is indeed a triumph of surgery that one should be able to correctly determine the length of a fragment embedded in a patient's flesh, should be able to outline its position, and correctly estimate the depth of each extremity.

Ophthalmic surgeons have now, for the first time, in their possession a discovery of priceless value, which will enable them to localise foreign bodies in the eye and extract them with certainty of success.—H. C. F.

#### MARK TWAIN'S DÉBUT.

Mark Twain has just related his début as a "Literary Person," which would do credit to some of our adventurous war-correspondents. He had published one little thing in a newspaper, "The Jumping Frog," but that did not count. He wanted to get into a magazine, and accordingly he sent in a contribution to an important magazine in New York, which was accepted. The subject was the burning of a clipper ship on the Line, May 3, 1866, and related how, when at Honolulu on behalf of a San Francisco newspaper, the *Sacramento Union*, he had picked up the story. When Captain Josiah Mitchell arrived with his lean and ghostly survivors of the burnt vessel, Mark was confined to his room and unable to walk, but, through the good offices of His Excellency Anson Burlingame, he was placed on a stretcher and carried to hospital, where the shipwrecked men were, and his friend asked all the questions while he made the notes. Mark Twain got through about six in the evening. The schooner was to sail next morning, so he sat up all night, spent the first four hours in arranging his notes, then wrote on well into next morning. By this means he had a detailed account ready for the *Hornet*. His complete report beat the others' outlines, and was telegraphed to the New York papers. For this service he demanded one hundred dollars a column, and he got it.



MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN, THE MUSIC-HALL STAR.  
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Waler, Baker Street, W.



MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS,

*The well-known actress who is organising a Ball in aid of the Widows and Orphans of Soldiers killed in the South African War. The Ball will be held at the Grafton Galleries on Tuesday, Dec. 5, and there is hardly an actor of note whose name is missing from the list of stewards. The tickets, which cost a guinea, can be obtained from the lady patronesses or stewards, or from Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis and Miss Mayfren, the Hon. Secs. All cheques must be made payable to Miss Terry-Lewis. This Photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





MISS MAY MAYFREN,

*The clever and kind-hearted young actress of the Globe Theatre, who is helping Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis to organise a Ball in aid of the Widows and Orphans of Soldiers killed in the South African War. This photograph is by Bates, Chertsey.*

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## THE NEWEST HUMOUR.\*

The story opens on the deck of a steamer bound from Havre to New York. With no unnecessary straining after melodramatic effects, the writer explains that the steamer had received serious damage owing to a collision with a derelict, and that all the passengers and crew had taken



AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHARLES LAMB.

Reproduced from "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander."

to the boats. He was about to follow their example, when he was advised by a gentleman of the name of Crowder—a middle-aged New Yorker of social disposition and evident intelligence—to remain on board. He did remain, and they were taken off the next day by a tramp steamer on her way to New York. Mr. Crowder invited the man who tells the tale to his house, and the invitation was accepted.

It is after dinner in Mr. Crowder's house, the day before the writer's departure, that the fun begins. The host suddenly speaks of his desire to tell his guest a secret, and, at the same time, the weird title of the book is explained. The Two-Horned Alexander, it appears, lived in the time of Abraham. He was called "Two-Horned" on account of his particular fancy in the matter of hair-dressing. As to his Vizier, well—Mr. Crowder was his Vizier!

Of course, Mr. Crowder had another name then, but he was doomed to live for ever. He luckily—or unluckily—drank one day of the fountain of immortality. It wasn't really a fountain, but a little puddle, and after the Vizier had finished drinking there was no more left for Alexander. So the Two-Horned one got annoyed, and, since Mr. Crowder did not wish to see the world out in a dungeon deep, he wandered off and made good his escape.

A word of warning here. If the reader should happen to come across this Vizier of old, let him not, however great the temptation may be, make any reference to a certain Wandering Jew. His present confidant did so, and the result was uncomfortable. Mr. Crowder, in spite of his years, lost his temper.

"I hate that wandering Jew," said he; "or, I should say, I despise the thin film of a tradition from which he was constructed. There never was a Wandering Jew. There could not have been. It is impossible to conceive of a human being sent forth to wander in wretchedness for ever. Moreover, suppose there had been such a man, what a poor, modern creature he would be compared with me! Even now he would be less than two thousand years old. You must excuse my perturbation, but I am sure that during the whole of the Christian era I have never told my story to anyone who did not, in some way or other, make an absurd or irritating reference to the Wandering Jew."

It is with such happy little surprises that Mr. Stockton keeps us amused. The Vizier goes everywhere, sees everything, and meets

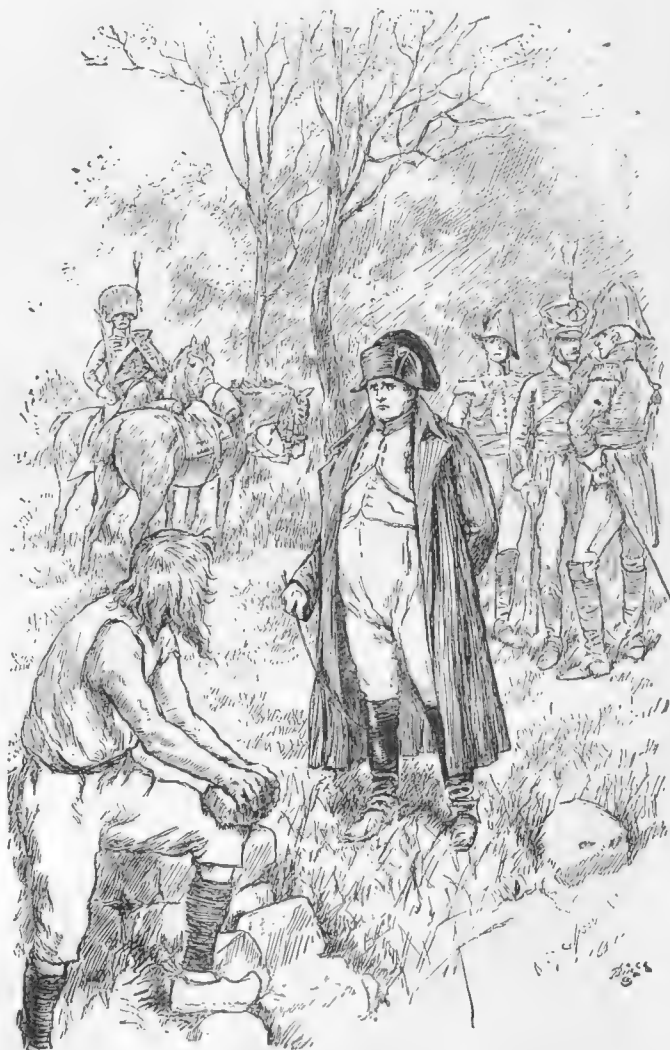
everybody worth meeting. Charles Lamb gave him some advice one day as to how coals should be carried. Mr. Crowder made no reply, but he guessed he could teach Charles Lamb a thing or two that would surprise him. Fortunes were amassed by the Vizier; but it was impossible to gather much moss, since he had necessarily to become a rolling stone. When a gentleman of fifty-three lives for twenty or thirty years in one place and grows no older, people begin to ask questions.

Solomon, Mr. Crowder knew well, and he was able to tell the wise King many things that he did not know. Nevertheless, he found him a "very well-informed man." The Vizier also had the honour of introducing the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and this led to his becoming very intimate with both of them. Very soon, however, he fell out with the royal couple, and left Jerusalem, for he had found, by varied experiences, that "the displeasure of rulers is an unhealthy atmosphere in which to live."

The Vizier was no coward, but he felt that a man who could not die should be careful not to get wounded. It would be awkward, you see, for a man to live untold years minus both legs, or even with one eye missing. When, therefore, the great Napoleon ordered him to join the Army, the immortal one made a bolt for it, stowed himself away at the bottom of a well, and eventually escaped military service. The illustration of this meeting, here reproduced, is particularly good, but all the drawings are admirably done.

Mr. Crowder married many, many ladies; but, at the time of the story, his wife is a Quakeress with a terrible and unnecessary fondness for the pronoun "thee." The writer says, "As I looked at her, I could not prevent myself from seriously wondering that a man who had seen Abraham and Sarah should now be married to a Quaker lady from North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia." The Quaker lady professes to be exceedingly jealous of her husband's former wives, but, truth to tell, she is not very amusing.

One might pick out many little tit-bits that induce laughter from their quaintness and originality—the curing of Joshua's gout, the



"WHY ARE YOU NOT IN THE ARMY?"

Reproduced from "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander."

ruling, for one week, of All the Russias, and so forth. But the book should be read to be appreciated. It is an honest relief, in these days of war and fragmentary cablegrams, to turn to a volume so sedately written and yet so witty and interesting from cover to cover.

K. H.





MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM AS DAVID GARRICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

# "THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

## "A QUESTION OF SENTIMENT."

BY C. G. COMPTON.

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PERSONS: ETHEL FRANCIS-WATSON, aged 27; CECIL GORDON-CONINGTON, aged 35. TIME: 0.15 a.m.

PLACE: A forsaken ball room at Mrs. Caryll's house on the fringe of Mayfair. The sound of voices and laughing, of the clicking of rings and bracelets against glasses and crockery, of crackers snapping, comes from a room adjacent. MR. GORDON-CONINGTON, absorbed in his thoughts, is pacing the floor from side to side. The last crossing brings him face to face with MISS FRANCIS-WATSON.

ETHEL } (together) { Mr. — (quickly) Cecil?  
CECIL } { Miss — (slowly) Ethel!

ETHEL. Carpet-planning! (Shaking hands.) That tells a tale!

CECIL. You mistake. I am not engaged, even. I like to walk about while I'm thinking.

ETHEL. So you do! The miles I've seen you walk! But why are you here thinking and walking alone?

CECIL. Oh, I've scarcely been here ten minutes! Having come unexpectedly, and knowing Mrs. Caryll's customs, I asked the man not to disturb the Society of The Elect. Since then, I've been recognising them by their voices and laughs. Grace, Lady Farleigh, "Sir Bill," Ralph, and the others. May I ask, is this the time you come to children's dances?

ETHEL. Come! I'm staying with Mrs. Caryll—have been for the last three weeks, though you don't seem to know it.

CECIL. I've not been back a month, and imagined you dodging the English winter in a summer climate. Now, I must suppose that children's parties bore you.

ETHEL. Simpler to think I had another engagement. I've just come from the noble mansion. "No dinner at the Countess of Norborough's is complete without Lady Norborough's goddaughter, the pétillante Miss Francis-Watson"—quotation from the "Ladies' Letter" in *High Life*!

CECIL. Lady Norborough still entertaining?

ETHEL. The Earless creaks but remains—much dependent on me for such affairs. His Earlship breaks out once a quarter and beats up a weird lot of curios who were middle-aged when he was young; and he's beginning his second century—ninety-nine last birthday.

CECIL. Completing his first, isn't it?

ETHEL. Keep off that twentieth century, Cecil! I will not meet you on your own ground—arithmetic!

CECIL. Osterley's death was very sudden. Sad—and good for them.

ETHEL. Poor Osterley! Not bad, really.

CECIL. He was weak, and that's worse.

ETHEL. May be. I know he was kind and clever and pleasant—a relief nowadays, when every man seems to have had an Aberdonian father and a Levantine mother, or *vice versa*. If it is hard for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle, how much harder is it for the eldest son of a peer to pass through London Society! Poor Osterley, I say, though I am none the better off for his death. I do my duty in the hope of reward—the black pearls! They're as good as promised to me, whatever angelic Lady Maud may say.

CECIL. Lady Maud! I remember. A saintly woman, who gives you the impression of having deliberately chosen the better part.

ETHEL. You had opportunities of judging, I heard. (Pause.) Are you very fond of draughty doorways? The room will be warmer. Come.

[They go to the fireplace, which is decorated with plants. ETHEL puts a foot on the low rail, CECIL puts another; she withdraws hers.

ETHEL (resting her head against one arm and looking up at CECIL). Plagiarist.

CECIL. I wanted to see whether evergreens could heat.

ETHEL. Oh, the ignorant man, not to know by this time! (Stands with both feet on the rail, and is still shorter than CECIL. Then, as if thinking aloud.) Two years ago you went off, at a day's notice, to Nicaragua, without saying good-bye to me.

CECIL. After searching every house you told me you were going to that evening.

ETHEL. You should have known better.

CECIL. I could never entirely disbelieve you.

ETHEL. Besides, I didn't particularly want all London to know that you were tracking me from eleven till three a.m.

CECIL. Of course not! It was inconsiderate of me. But, you see, I had only one night.

ETHEL. One night was enough. Oh, did I answer the farewell letter?

CECIL. You did not. Perhaps you destroyed it without taking the address.

ETHEL. How well you know me! (Getting off the fender and looking at him.) You repeated an offer that had been refused?

CECIL. There was a difference.

ETHEL. Two hundred pounds a-year difference. I'm not "marked down" yet, Cecil. You know my figure.

CECIL. Petite.

ETHEL. You degenerate! £3000 a-year or independence on my modest means is my ultimatum. When you exchange £600 a-year in the Civil Service for £800 in a company—

CECIL. And prospects—

ETHEL. And birds in bushes—well, then you ask me to wait. For a clever man, Cecil, you do the strangest things. You leave something out of your calculations.

CECIL. No; I put something in.

ETHEL (eagerly). Listen. D'you remember the Geological Museum? Heavens, what places you've taken me to!

CECIL. After lunch with Mrs. Caryll and her husband—a lovely March day—a sudden shower—your hat was delicate—we took refuge in the Museum. It was the day you were so sweet; you said—

ETHEL. Enough! I should not have aroused that memory of yours. A mechanical memory is often the better part of constancy.

CECIL. How hard for the people without memories! You've revived some, Ethel. Let's talk and walk as we used to! Can you reach my arm?

ETHEL (taking it). As if I were so short and you so tall! You're not really tall. You're not six feet, are you now?

CECIL. Not by over an inch. Ready? Now, step with me—that's it—down and turn—back again.

ETHEL. Oh, there's a stride! Keep step, Cecil.

CECIL. I'm out of practice. This is nice. Beats Nicaragua to fits. Effel, who converted me from my tall ideal.

ETHEL. Effel! Who showed the convert's zeal?

CECIL. Are you sorry he did?

ETHEL. Never regret, said a wise man. I am never sorry.

CECIL. Got it again. Sorwy—no—sorghwry, that's more like it. Effel, say warrior, and I'll tell you something you'd love to hear.

ETHEL. That is?

CECIL. The number of men I've killed in Nicaragua.

ETHEL. I don't believe you killed any. You're not a warrior.

CECIL. Wohyer, worhyier! Just the same.

ETHEL. Of all the idiots! Number, Cecil, please.

CECIL. Well, I killed ten at a stroke—of the pen.

ETHEL. How cruel of you! That's just like you, Cecil—did it from duty, I suppose?

CECIL. You'd rather I'd sprung single-handed into the yelling mass and at one blow clove the giant chieftain to the hauberk?

ETHEL. Much rather! But, tell me, what do you understand by a hauberk?

CECIL. Don't ask me. There's something about it in Scott. Are you getting tired?

ETHEL. Not yet. I'm anxious about my feet, that's all. Take heed to your steps, Mr. Gordon-Conington, and finish the ten-little-niggers story.

CECIL. They weren't niggers, as it happens. They were mutineers who had been pardoned and then tried to raise the other men against us. Failed and bolted—were caught and shot.

ETHEL. In cold blood?

CECIL. At the usual temperature. If we hadn't shot them, over five hundred men would have turned on us.

ETHEL. I notice two things about you, Cecil—one, that you look very well.

CECIL. You look charming! Same dusted golden haze of hair; same *rose Dubarry* flush of complexion; same—

ETHEL. Stop there; the rest are constant.

CECIL. Number Two?

ETHEL. I prefer to finish with Number One. You've been well?

CECIL. Methodical lady! I have nothing against Nicaragua, except that I suffered there as I did here.

ETHEL. Do not think me heartless if I do not recall your complaint.

CECIL. Ethelitis.

ETHEL. Fell into the trap! Score twenty, Cecil, and step slower. My poor, tortured name! Ethylic alcohol comes next!

CECIL. Precedes. Cause, not effect. Cured by larger doses, they say. Drink deep, or taste not the Ethereal spring.

ETHEL. Quoters should know the context. (Looking him straight in the eyes.) "There shallow draughts intoxicate, and drinking largely sobers us again."

CECIL. That is arguable.

ETHEL. Oh dear, no! Leave Ethylic alcohol to others. If I am right, our analyses—what is the plural?

CECIL. Analyses.

ETHEL. 'Seeze did not agree.

CECIL (eagerly). One moment! I can demonstrate your error. Studying the matter impersonally, I am comparatively impartial.

ETHEL. Comparatively—I like comparatively!

CECIL. The reaction of Ethylic alcohol to the gold test—

ETHEL. A hit at the justification of marriage. Cecil, stop! I'm not taking chemicals to-day. Come to Number Two of my observations. You're changed, Cecil. Precisely how, I cannot say. There's an air as who should say a man of action, of affairs? Where is the poet?

CECIL. Dying, dear.



ETHEL. So bad as that? I'm sorwhy—*sorry*. He was nice; rather maladroit, perhaps, but pleasant in some moods.

CECIL. Over a fire in winter's dusk; under the summer stars, on a yacht!

ETHEL. Yes, *mise en-scène*'s half the battle. Who killed Cock Robin?

CECIL. Not a sympathetic name for the poet in me. I killed Cock Robin. I fought with wild beasts in the arena—in other words, I went into the City, and the poet withered. Now, in spite of a good report from the publisher, he's at his last gasp. I've "cut" him.

ETHEL. That's you all over. Endure beyond reason, and then, hey, presto! all of sudden "cut"! The limit's reached, and you shut down!

CECIL. I've learnt to consume my own smoke.

ETHEL. It's "ower late." Hard to do.

CECIL. I changed the coals. I'm burning anthracite; cheaper and smokeless.

ETHEL. Go slower, Cecil. If anyone saw us pacing the room like a pair of operative conspirators—*(Suddenly.)* Isn't Sir Jeremiah Nichols something to do with your company, whatever you call it?

CECIL. Chairman and Managing Director. We call it "The Universal Land Acquirement and Development Corporation."

ETHEL. Sounds like an alias of the British Empire: "Grabbers and Devils," for short. I believe, Sir Jeremiah took me into dinner the other day. Autobiographical old party!

CECIL. A man of business. Sam, the son, is a fine fellow—my superior colleague. He'll have his father's berth, £5000 a-year, if his wife and his wishes don't send him into politics.

ETHEL. The wife nice?

CECIL. Very.

ETHEL. Divinely tall, I suppose. They've no individuality—the tall women; they only do it to be in the fashion. Shall we sit down? *(They sit, he facing her.)* Do you mind not sitting quite opposite to me—nor so close—nor so far?

CECIL. Still aiming at the golden mean?

ETHEL. The modern millionaire? No, I've retired—hurt.

CECIL. If, my dear Ethel, you think I owe you an explanation—

ETHEL. Explanations are a mistake. They expose the conscience, which isn't proper; and exhaust the invention, which isn't pleasant.

CECIL. Epigram again.

ETHEL. Again! Epigram would've made me Lady Lelham if only—

CECIL. The artistic pause! I repeat, don't I? If only—?

ETHEL. I'd had more of your letters! You pause—not artistically.

CECIL *(with an effort)*. I hadn't thought it of you.

ETHEL. So serious! I repeated a phrase from a well-valued correspondence. Lelham gave me credit for it—demanded more. I supplied him. More credit! Opportunity makes the plagiarist! Besides, what a cherub I should have looked continually crying, "As Cecil said," "As Mr. Gordon-Conington said."

CECIL. I can see that.

ETHEL. S—s—sh! No earnest-emotion fit if you love me! It all came to nothing. I exhausted my reserve—

CECIL. Which?

ETHEL *(continuing)*. I tried my 'prentice hand. A blunder. Lelham was bored. Grace Blandish caught him with *confitures à la Loti*.

CECIL. My condolences!

ETHEL *(shuddering)*. *N'appuyez pas, mon cher Cecil!* Those things should be said without feeling. See here, Cecil; if things were as they should be—if this were Fairyland, with the best society laid on, you

would be adorable, admirable! An ideal lover, perhaps an unendurable husband. You are, I own it, my Prince Charming, but—in Fairyland, Cecil!

CECIL. Make your own Fairyland, Ethel, with a Prince Charming who can work, and may in the end give you the splendour that you love. I ask for nothing better.

ETHEL. So like you, that ending. Way-for-my-lord-the-King style: Is there anything behind that fastidious hauteur? If I married you, 'twould be to find out. Better be sensible, Cecil. You referred to an explanation.

CECIL. Of my being here? You know my uncle, Frank Willoughby? He stays here whenever he's in town—treats Mrs. Caryll's house like a hotel.

ETHEL. I should think he did! The best man in England! I'd come down to let him in at three in the morning, and that's more than I'd do for you.

CECIL. Oh, be aisy! I wouldn't want you to. I'd have a latch-key.

ETHEL. You diverge. Stick to your uncle.

CECIL. Well, he is a director of the General Grabbers—got me there, in fact. He telegraphed me to meet him here to-night. Here I am, and no uncle.

ETHEL. He came in when I did. There he is!

MR. WILLOUGHBY *(advancing)*. Cecil, my congratulations. I like to be the first!

ETHEL. Mr. Willoughby, you mistake! We are not—we were only— You might say something, Cecil.

MR. WILLOUGHBY. Sir Jeremiah retires. You and Sam share his work and his emoluments, reduced by a thousand. More than you're worth. My congratulations. I'm going to smoke. *[Retiring.]*

CECIL. With you in a minute, uncle. Ethel! You hear? It's not your figure, but—what do you say?

ETHEL. Put the ticket on, Cecil! "Marked down." Make it Fairyland for me, Prince Charming!

#### A NEW AMERICAN OPERATIC "STAR."

Miss Eugénie Barker has arrived full of honours, and a host of congratulatory friends meet her, among them Signors Tosti and Denza, who are admirers of her gifts and her achievements in the States. Miss Eugénie Barker is not a bad replica of Miss Marie

Tempest in looks, and possesses a somewhat phenomenal voice of rich quality, above the average soprano, for I think her rendering of the part of Santuzza one of the finest I have heard.

Born of a good old family in Cincinnati, she at an early age acquired the pure dramatic art, and set about studying under the best of maestros, that is, De Rialp, who was so many years Mapleson's right hand at Her Majesty's Theatre. She qualified for interpretation under the celebrated Ode Franchetti, and also under Isidore Lucktows, the well-known composer and artist. Miss Barker is known as "Denver's own Soloist," and has been already given the sobriquet of the "Idol of Broadmoor," U.S.A. Her repertoire is extensive, for she sings opera of every class fluently in four languages, with the bright piquancy of the American school. She was Sousa's principal soloist, and sang at the big concert he gave at Manhattan Beach last year. She also created a principal part in the Japanese play entitled "The Koreans," in 1898, in New York.

With the engaging and bright personality this young lady is possessed of, it is no wonder that in her country she has already a village named in honour of her, "Barkerville," and the "Eugénie B. Mine," in the same country, dedicated to her.

L. C.



MISS EUGÉNIE BARKER, THE NEW AMERICAN OPERATIC "STAR," SHORTLY TO APPEAR AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There seems to be no doubt that in his lecture at Edinburgh Mr. Augustine Birrell referred not to Ogilvie, but to Ogilby. The name, though so unfamiliar now, is commemorated by Dryden in the "MacFlecknoe," and by Pope in the "Dunciad." John Ogilby was born near Edinburgh in 1600, and produced translations of Virgil, Homer, and Æsop. Dryden wrote in 1686—

From dusty shops neglected authors come

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,  
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.

Yet it is stated that Pope learned to love Homer from Ogilby's Iliads.

Mr. Frederic Carrel is a writer of real ability. He can transfuse the French spirit into an English book; in fact, his characters are English by accident; in essence they are French. A good though not agreeable specimen of his work is his last book, "The Progress of Pauline Kessler," published by John Long. The story of an adventuress's life is worked out with much skill and reticence. I doubt, however, whether the ambitious Cabinet Ministers are so ready to marry divorced women as Mr. Carrel thinks.

It seems pretty clear that the novel of this season is going to be "Red Pottage," by Miss Cholmondeley. Miss Cholmondeley is a Shropshire lady, the daughter of a clergyman, and some years ago she gained a distinct place by her very clever novel, "Diana Tempest." In "Red Pottage" she has made a distinct step in advance, and may now be reckoned in the first rank of really popular writers.

Both in this country and in America new magazines are all the rage. One ten-cent monthly to be brought out in New York is to make colour-printing a conspicuous feature, and a circulation of a hundred thousand copies a month is guaranteed for two years, which means that there is money behind the venture. The editor is said to be well known for his taste in illustration. I am more glad to hear that the Macmillan Company of New York are to publish a non-illustrated literary magazine, with each department of criticism in the hands of an expert critic. Long ago, Messrs. Macmillan, in this country, had the idea of calling their monthly the *British Critic*, and putting it in the charge of John Morley. Such a periodical would have been invaluable.

Both in America and in this country the taste for religious magazines and for children's magazines seems to steadily decline. In old days many families rigidly confined their Sunday reading to religious books and periodicals. But this restriction has passed away, and the religious monthlies have suffered in consequence. It may be, however, that the two new magazines of this kind to be issued by Messrs. Newnes and Messrs. Harmsworth will alter the state of affairs. In America there is practically no Sunday religious monthly, and Harper's *Round Table* is dead, leaving *St. Nicholas* virtually the only monthly magazine for children in America. The standing difficulty in magazines for the young is to get advertisements. Young people have so little to spend.

I hear on all sides that subscribers to Mudie's can obtain the newest books more easily this autumn than at any time since the three-volume novel declined. There has been no run on Millais' *Life*, or on "Stalky," or anything except works on South Africa. Mr. Fitzpatrick's account of the Transvaal from within is being read as eagerly as was Mr. Steevens's "Khartoum" last November.

Mr. Guy Boothby's new novel, "The Red Rat's Daughter," bears marks of too hasty production. One of the characters, Felix Maas, gives "dinners *à la fourchette* at his rooms in town twice or thrice during the Season." I had fancied that, even in the poorest homes, dinner was eaten *à la fourchette* nowadays. The same gentleman is "the author of one of the best works on Continental politics that has (*sic*) seen the light since Talleyrand's day."

The most amusing sentence I have lately read in a review occurs in the *Speaker's* notice of Dr. Robert Anderson's book, "The Buddha of Christendom." Here it is: "Its protests are timely, its historical summaries to the point, its purpose wholesome and sincere to finger, not idly or unskilfully, one amongst the many gordian knots which hamper thoughtful men to-day."

Readers of Mr. Zangwill's new volume, "They that Walk in Darkness," will be pleased with its touches of innocent vanity. He invites us to "trace the progress or decay of his imagination during the last ten years" by comparing "Bethulah," the newest story, with "Satan Mekatrig," the earliest. Turning to "Bethulah," I find that it is written for the American public. The heroine is a beautiful Jewess of Bukowina, who addresses the author as "Handsome Stranger." He looked in the glass with new complacency after meeting her. That Jewess was like the little Italian beggar-children, who wile money out of travellers by appealing to them as "Bella signorina."

Has anyone noticed that in Lord Beaconsfield's last letter, a facsimile of which is published in the *Life* of Millais, he addresses the artist as "C. E. Millais, Esq.," instead of "J. E."? The letter is signed "B.," not "Beaconsfield," as some reviewers have said. Very characteristic is the dying statesman's eagerness that his portrait should appear in the Academy for 1881. The letters from the Queen, from which we learn that Her Majesty thought Millais had made her favourite Premier's mouth too ugly, are so interesting that they increase our impatience for the long-delayed *Life* of Beaconsfield.

o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

Has not the time come when some different form of light musical entertainment can be devised or revived for our theatres? The "musical comedy" has not yet, indeed, become a drug in the market. The phenomenal success of a certain American importation has revived interest in the least artistic form of a not too artistic species—I mean, the light, irresponsible, "variety" type. And, indeed, much may be forgiven to an entertainment if it is only bright. Yet it is a pity that we cannot have a return to something with a tincture of literature and intellect about it. A strong and consistent plot is not really an obstacle to the success of a musical piece. On the contrary, the many pieces which have failed have generally collapsed rather through structural defects than absolute badness of material. Again, in "La Poupée," for instance, the music was that of a clever and experienced craftsman, but by no means of striking originality or power. The libretto could not well be of the highest merit, nor could the lyrics always be made to scan, for both were adapted from the French, and French wit and French verse have other laws than ours. Yet a simple and interesting story, with some effective playing, carried the piece to a triumphant success.

The story is the first thing: the story and the dramatic situations resulting from it. Given the situation, an effective musical number comes of itself. A scenario is the first requisite, then a rough sketch of dialogue, then lyrics and music. The cast should be chosen when the structure of the piece is practically settled. And the cast must be made for the piece, not the piece for the cast. This is especially important in days when players specialise so early and so completely. "Once a corporal, always a corporal," is no less true of the stage. If there is to be a permanent company at a theatre, the chief members must be versatile, or monotony sets in. This is largely the fault of the public, which makes its favourites repeat their successes, and will not tolerate variations till too late—and then turns and rends its entertainers for repeating themselves.

The manager of musical pieces who has a permanent company is either much to be congratulated or more to be pitied; congratulated if his artists are versatile enough to give variety to their entertainment, pitied if they become narrowed down to one class of parts. The latter, unfortunately, is apt to be the case. Each success they gain tends to stereotype their methods and their parts. The request of the manager is always, "Can't you get something *like*?"—this, that, or the other. And something like *is* got, till the public is nauseated with the repetition.

These are the two great requisites of the musical piece: story and situation, and the cast chosen for its fitness to tell the story through the situations. Nothing else matters greatly. Lyrics may be anything, provided they make the point of a verse or refrain without actually choking the singer with the rhythm or disgusting the audience with bad taste. Literary finish tells with the critics, and the critics influence the public, though not much; but "the play's the thing." The piece that is uninteresting without the music will be uninteresting with the music.

This is by no means a fact admitted in practice. Managers are very much like sheep, and follow their leader. The exaggerated, accidental, or fictitious success of any kind of piece is enough to make them call for similar pieces; it is enough to make them reject or ignore all different types. This is not business; it is the direct contrary of business. A man who has a mind of his own and a power of gauging the public taste loses all advantage if he falls into the wake of a popular success. He is like a hansom in a crowded street, reduced to the pace of the slowest vehicle in the long procession. What matter that he can do his twelve miles an hour easily? He has chosen to come in at the tail of a dray, and he must go the dray's speed.

The fashion will change again, and we shall have a return to Gilbert and Sullivan, or to romantic comedy-opera, or to burlesque. Whatever style takes the public ear will probably be done to death by repetition. Why cannot we have all these species of entertainment at once, each kind well done? Then our theatres would be full, and the success of one piece would not endanger the prospects of another.

But, whatever is done, all else must be subordinated to the plot. The best possible work is thrown away without a central idea. And, given the unity of story and development, the music almost makes itself, for the character of the scene before a number determines its tone, and very possibly a catch-word is found in the dialogue. Now, given general tone and catch-word, the rest of a song is little more than mechanical, so far as words go; and music will follow, as a rule.

Why not have a rotation of crops? A romantic comedy-opera, a Gilbert piece, a musical comedy, a burlesque, an extravaganza, an adapted French or German light musical piece—all might run their fair time to good business, and all might have proper pains taken with them. Whereas now—Oh, dear!



## THEATRE GOSSIP.

One of the cleverest and most amusing plays produced for a long time in London is George Fleming's—or rather, Miss Constance Fletcher's—new piece, given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. "The Canary" is that *rara avis*, a comedy, farcical perhaps in treatment, but still a true comedy, and all real playgoers will flock to see the love-adventures of Mrs. Temple-Martin, who vainly tries to find outside her home the poetry of life unattainable by the side of the stout stockbroker whose double-barrelled name she bears. Those who go will perhaps be surprised to find that Mrs. Patrick Campbell acts the chief part with abundance of comic—or rather, of humorous—farce, as well as nice art. Her Mrs. Temple-Martin is quite a brilliant piece of acting. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, as one of the weak-kneed lovers, plays with a strength and skill and ease of humour worthy of very high praise. Miss Rosina Filippi presents the part of a good-natured music-hall artist admirably, and other members of the company act very well. Certainly, "The Canary" is a bird which ought to be caged for a long time at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

Even should a certain section of the audience like the play as little as did the late King Claudius of Denmark relish the tragedy of "The Mousetrap" at a certain memorable *matinée*, surely they could at least depart even as he did—not exactly "frighted with false fire," but certainly forbearing to go in for actor-, author-, and manager-baiting by means of eldritch shrieks, horrible hissing—yea, what one might almost call Beelzebubian "boo-hooing." After all, if an author (whether of the said-to-be stern sex or of the undoubtedly sweet sex) has submitted a play which does not prove to the liking of an audience, why, in the name of Melpomene, Thalia, Thespis, or of anyone else concerned in the development of the Drama, should dissentients in any part of the house behave, in what a certain Hyde Park orator called "this so-called nineteenth century," as though they were assisting at an old-time "O.P. Riot" or a modern prize-fight? The former kind of disturbance is, of course, not common nowadays. The latter form of *délassement* is, however, perhaps far more common than many good, easy folk might haply surmise. Indeed, to judge from the manners and the customs (with the accent on the "manners") still adopted by a certain kind of first-night playgoers, any experienced observer might almost imagine that these ultra-bulliant "demonstrators" had not been altogether unconnected with certain "corners" that obtain in what are poetically termed "scraping matches."

Miss Ethel Henry, whose portrait appeared in *The Sketch* a short time ago with a brief biographical notice, is again to the fore, this time in the sacred cause of charity. The talented and beautiful young actress is organising a Sunday-afternoon concert, to be held at the Hôtel Cecil on Dec. 3, in aid of our soldiers' orphans and widows. Many eminent artists will lend their assistance, and I hope to see a house packed to overflowing. For how could one better spend Sunday afternoon? This portrait shows Miss Henry as Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a part particularly suited to her handsome presence and dramatic ability.

Why this overweening fuss made about the harmless statue of the late—and assuredly, in many respects, great—Oliver Cromwell? And allusion to that more or less well-meaning, but certainly often mighty, protector of England's interests, at home and abroad, awakens in the theatrically minded person remembrance that the said Cromwell is likely to loom large ere long even in stage-plays. This kind of thing that whirlwind-like if warty warrior did not, it may be presumed, view with any especial favour, horse-racer though he appears to have been whenever occasion served. In other words, sundry adaptations of this or that Cromwellian narrative are threatened for stage use in the more or less near future. In this connection, our Coming Cromwells include such sturdy players as Mr. Charles Cartwright and Mr. Lewis Waller. Moreover, several somewhat less distinguished actors are credited with inept Cromwellism. Doubtless, these players, being rather young, hardly remember that in the early 'seventies (as our absent friend, Mr. Clement Scott, might say), several plays having Cromwell for their leading character incontinently failed—even that then most possible of

all Cromwells, Mr. George Rignold, being no exception, in a cleverly written, if over-sombre, play by the late Colonel Bate Richards, produced at the Queen's. That powerful dramatist, Watts Phillips, also achieved no success in a similar play produced about the same time. In later years, Mr. Cartwright essayed at the Adelphi the character of Cromwell in Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's Cavalier-Roundhead play "The White Rose," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the Protector's perplexed daughter, Elizabeth. This drama, however, met with but scant success, despite its strong writing and its ditto cast. As a matter of theatrical history—here set down for the use of future stage-chroniclers—the only successful play of the sort within the memory of living playgoers was "Charles the First," which the late distinguished if unequal dramatist, W. G. Wills, wrote some seven-and-twenty years ago for the then "Mr." Henry Irving. But it is to be noted that in *that* play the character of Cromwell (first represented by that fine pathetic comedian, George Belmore) was considerably "written down."

One of the most strikingly beautiful revivals of historical plays in these latter days is undoubtedly Mr. Beerbohm Tree's magnificent presentation of "King John," at Her Majesty's. This grand production a few nights ago registered its sixtieth representation there, and Mr. Tree signalled the occasion by presenting to all-comers a lovely souvenir of the play—a souvenir full of splendidly executed etchings of the principal

characters. All this would seem to point to a marked success, and yet, so watchful must theatrical managers be nowadays as to future needs that Mr. Tree is even now diligently rehearsing his next production. This, as I informed *Sketch* readers some time ago, is the same author's more fairy-like work, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." For this Mr. Tree has already had some beautifully picturesque scenes prepared. Mr. Tree has now decided to impersonate the character of Bottom the Weaver, in which the late great actor, Samuel Phelps, was wont to be so deservedly admired. Miss Julia Neilson will be the Helena; Mr. Lewis Waller, Demetrius; Master Charles Sefton, Puck; and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Oberon. According to the present "business" with "King John," however, it does not seem likely that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be required at Her Majesty's until at least the early spring.

Mr. Tree is not to be the only Shakspeare-producer of mark. Apart from Mr. Wilson Barrett's revival of "Othello" and "Hamlet," at Lyceum *matinées* on Dec. 2 and Dec. 9, Mr. F. R. Benson (who has so long toured with Shaksperian plays) is even now preparing to start at the Lyceum a series of such works on the day after St. Valentine's Day. Mr. Benson's series includes "Henry the Fifth" (which Mr. Barrett threatens to produce later), "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (which he did so beautifully at the Globe some ten years ago), and "Hamlet"—all of it, and not the cut-down version usually given on our stage.

The first of the Queen's Hall Wagner Concerts demonstrated that the orchestra and conductor are

unsurpassed in Wagner's music. I hear that Mr. Wood is going to Berlin to show the Germans what an English conductor can do. Moszkowski as a composer pleases me better than as a pianist. His metallic brilliancy is attractive to many, but Chopin and Schumann's works demand greater depth of expression. Madame Marchesi's voice may be a little less sympathetic than formerly, but in Italian, French, German, and English songs she is as artistic as ever, and the singing of about forty of her pupils proved her to be one of the finest of living teachers.

Mr. Yorke Stephens, who is playing the light-comedy part in "The Canary," at the Prince of Wales's, has been the manager of several London theatres. These include the Olympic and the Duke of York's (then the Trafalgar), where he produced "The Babbler Shop" and "The County Councillor." Mr. Stephens, a good many years ago, was offered by Henry Irving the position of *jeune premier* at the Lyceum. He was already, however, under contract to go to America, so that poor Mr. Terriss became leading young man at the Lyceum. He has played with distinction "The Prisoner of Zenda" in his own company on tour. Perhaps the cleverest, acting he has done was his chocolate soldier in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," at the Avenue. It pleased even the author, and not many people please Mr. Shaw, except "G.B.S." "Little Miss Nobody" was originally Mr. Stephens's piece. Mr. Yorke Stephens is one of the few actors who are rarely seen "in front."



MISS ETHEL HENRY.

The well-known actress who is organising a Concert in aid of the Soldiers Widows and Orphans, to be held at the Hôtel Cecil on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 3. This photograph is by Jacolette, South Kensington.

## A FAIRY-TALE OF SCIENCE.

Just a century ago, during the troublous days of the French Revolution, Leblanc, the great French chemist, was struggling to effect the separation of salt into its two constituents, chlorine and soda. He established works, and received the encouragement of the Government; but the times



MR. JAMES HARGREAVES, F.I.C.

were against him, his factories were demolished, and the powers that were never implemented their promise of reward. When the state of the country became more settled, he recommenced his labour, but was never able to reap the fair fruits of it. Still, he had achieved the thing he sought, and had established a process for the production of soda which has held good until within the last few years. Common salt, as everyone with a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry is aware, is composed of two substances, chlorine and sodium, but these are very difficult to separate. To effect his purpose, Leblanc introduced sulphur, but his process was tedious and cumbrous, and a great many intermediate compounds had to be formed before the alkaline constituents could be freed. Sulphur was costly, having to be imported from abroad, and the hand-work necessary for the success of the operation added greatly to the expenditure. Further, the sulphur, together with the lime which had been used in the combinations, had at the end of the process to be thrown away as useless, and this residuum had all the noxious properties of the lime which is to-day used for the purification of ordinary gas. Anyone who has visited a gaswork knows how objectionable this residuum is. The plant, too, was unwieldy; huge furnaces, sulphur-kilns, and great vats were necessary, and the waste in the process was considerable.

With the universal application of electricity to every department of industry, quite a wonderful revolution has taken place in the manufacture of alkali. Mr. James Hargreaves, F.I.C., together with the late Mr. Thomas Bird, after many experiments, determined to apply electrolysis, and their process, now perfected, separates the two compounds of common salt by a method perfect in its simplicity. Nearly everyone who has attended a popular lecture on electricity has seen the beautiful experiment by which water is resolved into its component gases. The new process for the separation of soda is very similar, with this difference—that in the former case the electric current is introduced into water, while in the latter it passes through common brine. A porous cell is filled with brine, and into this the terminals of a powerful electric battery are introduced. The work of separation then begins, and the soda is set free, while the chlorine likewise passes away automatically, and can be used for the production of bleaching-powder, chlorate of potash, and such other chlorine compounds as may be required.

In the "Hargreaves-Bird" process is employed a cell, two sides of which are formed by a partition perfectly water-tight as long as no current is passing. When, however, the electric current passes between a piece of copper gauze (covering the exterior surface of the partition, and forming the cathode) and a number of pieces of gas carbon in the cell solution, which act as the anode, chlorine is evolved from the latter, while soda solution appears on the outside of the partition, which is now porous. As fast as the soda is formed, it is washed down by a jet of steam, which plays on the outside of the porous partition. Should carbonate of soda be required, a mixture of steam and carbonic-acid gas is used to wash down the soda which has formed on the outside of the partition. As a further proof of the economy of the process, carbonic-acid gas is obtained by introducing the products of

combustion, the coal used in filling the furnaces which supply the motive power to the dynamos.

As the separation is absolute and is continued to the end, there is no waste, unless one reckons the ashes from the engine-fires which drive the dynamos. Scarcely any hand-labour is required until the packing-up of the materials. At first it seemed that, for the proper commercial development of this process, a factory should be established where water-power was easily available. This scheme, however, has been abandoned by the Electrolytic Alkali Company, Limited, in favour of a site near a coalfield, and Middlewich, Cheshire, has been chosen as the scene of the company's labours. The process is said to reach almost as near the ideal as any human invention can.

The subscription-list for this company will be opened on Nov. 28, and will close on the 30th. It is satisfactory to note that the process upon which its success depends has received the hearty approval and commendation of so eminent a chemist as Professor Ramsay, of University College, London. He declares in his report that the "Hargreaves-Bird" process is one of the most beautiful, as regards simplicity and efficiency, that he has ever seen, and he gives figures to show that, under good management, it should, in his own words, "prove a great commercial success." He mentions the following advantages: The yield of products per ton of salt decomposed; the saving in raw material and labour is enormous; the process is simple, automatic, and continuous, both the alkali and chlorine being withdrawn immediately they are produced.

To these he adds the statement that ordinary workmen can conduct the manufacture without continual vigilance on the part of the inspectors or fear of interference by sanitary authorities, and he likewise certifies that the solutions obtained require but little concentration to form crystals, soda-ash, or any desired product of the purest quality. The apparatus is simple in construction and occupies little space. No moving parts, agitating or refrigerating appliances, are required; consequently depreciation of plant is small, and, excepting ashes from fuel, there are no waste products; even the flue gases from the boiler furnaces are utilised.

The process, of course, is capable of very large developments. Any number of cells can be employed, and the extreme cheapness of the materials for constructing the plant makes extension a comparatively easy matter. The testimony of another expert (the Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow) may fittingly conclude the present article—

"I have, on two separate occasions, in the month of March last, and again during the present month, rigorously examined and investigated this process at the works of the General Electrolytic Parent Company, Limited, Farnworth, Widnes, where an installation on a full manufacturing scale has been working for a considerable time past. I had the process working under my direction for a period of five entire days, and was afforded every facility for determining in the fairest possible manner its capabilities for accomplishing the work it professes to do; and, as the result of my examination, I have no hesitation in saying that the process is simple, elegant, and economical, that I have formed the very highest opinion of its value as a manufacturing process, and have



THE LATE MR. THOMAS BIRD.

no doubt that it will compete successfully with all the other methods of obtaining these products, of which there is, and will continue to be, a vast consumption both at home and abroad."

The excellent and beautiful results of the Hargreaves-Bird process seem to bespeak for it a future of ever-increasing prosperity. Given judicious management, the commercial possibilities of the enterprise are enormous.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up : Wednesday, Nov. 22, 5.2; Thursday, 5.1; Friday, 4.59; Saturday, 4.57; Sunday, 4.57; Monday, 4.56; Tuesday, 4.55.

When these lines appear the two big Bicycle Shows will be in full swing. Indeed, I am writing on the very morning they open, necessity due to the exigencies of printing. But, considering these exhibitions, not from the advertising maker's point of view, but from that of the ordinary cyclist, there is, generally speaking, some room for improvement. First of all, there is no need for two Shows. There would never have been two had it not been for jealousy and ill-feeling. Why, on these clammy mornings, should we have to drag our way down to the Crystal Palace, and then struggle towards the unknown region of Islington? Personal antipathies might now be allowed to die. And next November there should be one really good and comprehensive Show.

As a cyclist who likes to take his pleasure quietly, I do wish that the committee of next year's Show would appoint a sub-committee to regulate the drum-thumping and the perpetual crying of "Hi! Hi!" by rival manufacturers. Most visitors to the Crystal Palace or to the Agricultural Hall this week must come away with a headache, to say nothing of their arms aching with the piles of literature thrust upon them. Last year I accepted every pamphlet, every bill, every free copy of cycling papers that was offered to me. I was spurred to this by the not unworthy ambition of really mastering the features of the Shows. My library-table was stacked a foot deep. And when I tackled the pile religiously and honestly, I found that every invention and every maker's particular invention was the undoubted and acknowledged finest thing of the year. I read reams of pages devoted to technical descriptions; very clever, no doubt, exceedingly interesting, but, as I am no engineer, productive of excessive headache. And I have an idea there are many thousand folks like me. The result of all the free literature at last year's Shows was a buzzing in the head, and certainly not an appreciation of the good intentions of the manufacturers. This year I will accept no literature. A five-pound note would not get me to read an advertisement on the free-wheel clutch. I have been bitten by that dog before.

Now, what would be infinitely serviceable to humdrum and non-technical cyclists like myself, who love bicycling not because they are engineers, but because they are fond of outdoor exercise, would be the issuing of some little pamphlet by Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. R. L. Jefferson, Mr. Bidlake, or some other, telling us the things that we ought to see at the Shows, and at what stands they are to be seen. I am confident, if one of these gentlemen were to write a small pamphlet— independent of makers and their blandishments—giving us a summary of what had taken place in the cycling world during the past twelve months, and pointing out the chief inventions, so the visitor need not be lost in an entanglement of new and quasi-new inventions, the thing would sell by hundreds of thousands.

I will suppose that next year there is an amalgamation of the two Shows, and that the annual exhibit will take place at the Crystal Palace. Could not a series of afternoon lectures be given by inventors, by theorists, and by men who have had jaunts far afield? These, I am sure, would be attractive to the large body of wheelmen and wheelwomen. Of course, it is the assistance of the big makers that keeps such exhibitions on their legs. But it would be bad for them, just as it would lose interest to the public generally, if a Show degenerated into nothing but a manufacturer's display. The commercial side can never be absent. But what many of us would like to see would be better provision to interest the ordinary pleasure-seeking cyclist.

Ladies who wheel are much more enthusiastic devotees of the sport than mere men. I think it is just thirteen years ago this autumn since the first lady's bicycle was placed before the public. It was met with howls of derision and scorn. Suburban ladies sniffed. And the names applied to those forward damsels who dared to think it would be rather nice to bicycle were such as are only whispered at tea-parties where exceedingly proper persons meet! However, that has all changed. The high-nosed, very proper, suburban dame cycles herself; that makes all the difference in a matter of what is right. She has to confine her silliness to ill-natured comments about those women who wear what is called the "rational costume."

I have often said I don't like the "rational costume," because I am pagan enough to like a woman to look pretty. And, somehow, Englishwomen do not look exactly charming in bifurcated garments. Anyway, if a lady chooses to wear them and finds them pleasant, and can keep calm amid the witticisms of the small boys in the street, certainly I see no reason why she should not do as she pleases.

Many girl riders will no doubt be visiting the Shows this week—nice, sweet, ordinary English girls, who wouldn't do anything that all the rest of womankind is not doing for worlds, and who have not a fad or a crotchet in their pretty heads! For their sakes, I am sorry smoking is to be allowed at the Crystal Palace. A good cigar is an admirable thing. But the odour of tobacco in a congregation of miscellaneous men is enough to make even an ardent smoker like myself join the Anti-Tobacco League. Many a machine will not be bought this week simply because, in the midst of a girl's enthusiasm over a next year's pattern, somebody will puff a cloud into her face that will make her fly away, probably never to return.

One of the best examples of the English cyclist's French that I have come across is the following. A Britisher is in Paris. Something goes wrong with his machine. He marches off to a repairer's to have it put right, and this is how he explains himself: "Oh—er—see here, you j'ai besoin d'un nut, you know, pour le *hind wheel* de mon bicycle, il ne veut pas remain straight, parce que j'ai perdu le—le washer. Donnez-moi un adjustable wrench here for a minute, et je le fixerai tout droit moi-même. Quoi appelez-vous ce hanged thing la? il m'a barke tous les knuckles. J'ai besoin d'un *Anglais* spanner. Parlez-vous Français? Don't think you do, or you'd know what I mean. Je vais aller à Humber's place, il y a somebody there qui sait how to parler commune un human being!"

Constantly am I receiving letters from ladies asking me to recommend them a good saddle. There are many good saddles, and one of the best is the "Esmond." It is wide-seated and short-peaked, although a medium seat can be got, if necessary. Many people spend a small fortune in buying saddles to see if they suit them. One needn't expend money over the "Esmond." The makers are offering free trials, and will send a saddle to any address in the United Kingdom, the money to be returned if the saddle is not suitable.

Now that bicycles, motor-tricycles, and motor-cars are jumping into popularity, one of the difficulties is to find a comprehensive word applicable to horseless vehicles. The Americans, who are ever sharp in this sort of thing, have racked their brains and searched dictionaries to find something. They offer a series of words for selection, though none of them are particularly pleasant-sounding. Here are some: "Horseless," "steedless," "ahippion," "mobile," "mob," "dynamo-cycle," "dynamotor," "cyclarette," "vehiclette," "locomotor," "machine-car," "loke," "spontomobile," "spontocarette," "spontocycle," "sponter," and many others.

I frequently read the American cycling papers, because, whatever the Americans are not, they certainly do not fail in originality. Indeed, their originality at times runs to the verge of freakdom. I see a man has invented a signal-bell to be attached to the pedal and set ringing by moving the toe. Very ingenious, but hardly necessary. Why can't we move our finger and ring the bell on the handle-bar? It reminds me of the ingenious man who kept fowls, and laboriously made a big hole in the barn-door for the hens to go through, and then cut a smaller hole for the chickens. Then another man has invented a revolving brush which touches the ground immediately before the front wheel. The object is to sweep away tacks and nails and thorns—of course, to obviate punctures. I don't know, however, that the cycling public will be particularly enthusiastic over this invention.

The alleged stigma cast on English manufacturers over the Atbara Bridge affair has just been speedily and patriotically removed by the wonderful celerity evinced by the Swift Cycle Company. This noted firm, which can boast a proud record of cycle-building of over thirty-two years (being, in fact, the pioneer of the trade), has just been honoured by the War Office with a command to supply cycles, specially built and equipped in every respect, for immediate use against the Boers. This order was received only on Nov. 4, at 2.45 p.m. (after the works had closed for the week), and the cycles, absolutely complete, with all special equipments and enamelled in khaki, were ready for delivery at 10 a.m. on the following Thursday, and were inspected, approved, and finally handed over to the military authorities at 10 a.m. on Friday. Surely a fitting reply to the pessimistic alarmists who foretell the decadence of British manufacturers. This occasion is unique, it being the first instance in which cycles have been used by the



WAR-CYCLES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Thomas, Chéapside.

British Regular Army in actual warfare. The Swift Cycle Company are certainly to be congratulated in being selected in this emergency, and their workmanlike productions will henceforth become the standard of excellence in the British Army. The machines were on view on Thursday, the 9th inst., at the London dépôt of the company, 15 and 16, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

J. F. F.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

The Manchester Meeting should bring a brilliant wind-up to a brilliant season. Fields at New Barns will be large, and as the going is now on the soft side, some of the lame horses that could not act in the summer will no doubt earn something towards their winter's keep. Multiform



THE LATE MR. JAMES JEWITT, THE WELL-KNOWN TRAINER.

is a roarer, and can hardly be expected to carry the colours of the new member for Exeter to victory in the Lancashire Handicap, as he has too much weight this time. Good Luck has a chance, so have Kendal Queen and Marthus, but I think St. Frida filly will win. The Lancaster Nursery has not yielded so well as usual, but the race should be full of interest, as the handicap is a good one. Hulcot is in form just now, and he may have most to fear from Fabulist. Included in the acceptances for the Eglinton Nursery are Bourne Bridge and Gold Jug, and these two seemingly hold all the top-weights safe. Of those at the bottom of the handicap, Steerage may effect a surprise, as this filly won smartly when she was owned by Mr. Sussex Nesbitt. She is now trained by W. E. Elsey, at Baumber.

A capital acceptance has been received for the Manchester Handicap, and when the books on the race are opened speculation ought to take a wide range, as I consider Mr. T. F. Dawkins has given us a very good handicap. The smart people of the North are hoping for the success of Little Grafton, but the horse has not been running in this class of late. Another horse that is fancied by the Northerners is Portebella, but the mare can have no chance if she runs no better than she did at a recent Alexandra Park meeting. A popular win would be that of Veroseope in the colours of Mr. Vyner. Strike a Light, who is said to be 40 lb. behind Irish Ivy, has accepted, and may run well into the bargain. I think the race will be won by Hawfinch or Sir Reginald. The first-named has been doing some good work. Sir Reginald is a very nice-looking animal. He ran well for the Great Yorkshire Stakes.

An able trainer, Mr. James Jewitt, has just gone to his long rest. He was a

very popular man, and always bore a good name among his employers and employes. Jewitt served his apprenticeship in the stable of Charles Blunton, at Newmarket, and for a time rode on the flat; but he had few opportunities, though he succeeded in winning the Great Eastern Handicap on True Blue in 1869. At Windsor in 1870 he met with a bad accident and was laid up for a long time, but in 1873 he won the Great Cheshire Stakes on Bertram. Soon after this he put on flesh so fast that he was compelled to give up racing on the flat, and in 1875 he engaged to train Captain Machell's steeplechasers at Kentford. He rode several winners over a country, and in 1876 Chandos, ridden by Jewitt, started favourite for the Grand National, but fell, and the race was won by Regal, out of the same stable, the winner being ridden by Joe Cannon. When, in 1880, the last-named went to train privately for Lord Rosebery, Jewitt moved into Bedford Cottage, where he remained a trainer of flat-racers up to the time of his recent illness. Jewitt always turned his horses out in the pink of condition, and good judges maintained that Isinglass always looked like a winner. This horse won £57,135 in stakes for Mr. McCalmont, who was one of Jewitt's best patrons.

Lord Rodney was for a time a patron of Jewitt's stable, and I believe the victory of Kilwarlin in the St. Leger was very acceptable to his lordship, who retired from the Turf when he married a daughter of Lord Wimborne and a niece of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Sir John Willoughby was for a short time one of Jewitt's masters, and the history of Harvester's dead-heat in the Derby is too well-known to bear repetition here. Charley Wood told me, some years after the race, that St. Gatien could not have been quite himself on the day, or he must have won. Jewitt trained several good winners for Lord Calthorpe, the best of which was perhaps Seabreeze, who won the St. Leger. Jewitt married a sister of Mr. D. Thirlwell, and he leaves a widow and five children to mourn his loss. He was a great favourite with the jockeys and with the racing reporters.

As the law with regard to Point-to-Points, in the opinion of some people, requires remodelling, now would be the time for the National Hunt Committee to invite the aid of Masters of Foxhounds to assist in the improvement of steeplechase meetings. I think every M.F.H. should be entitled to act as a member of the National Hunt Committee, and he should be held personally responsible for the management of the Point-to-Point held in connection with his Hunt. Further, the National Hunt Committee ought once a year, at their annual festival, to decide a few more steeplechases, open only to the placed horses in any Point-to-Point. A race of this sort would give the country squires and farmers a chance to compare the difference between a National Hunting country and a couple of rounds of the Sandown Park Steeplechase course.

The Folkestone Meeting deserves to succeed, as the management is carried out on the most liberal lines, and the joint railways display an enterprise that is bound to bring its own reward sooner or later. Of course, the military element is a telling force at Folkestone, and the race-meetings there will do better after the war is over. Racecourse shares, by-the-by, have a ready sale just now. Holders in the Sandown Park, Kempton Park, and Hurst Park Companies are for the most part sound business-men who bought for investment and do not care to sell their shares even at enhanced prices. Dunstan Park is doing well, and Birmingham is on the up-line, and so, I am told, is Leicester. Of course, Manchester and Derby are little gold-mines, and it is said that Haydock Park will become a big property.

CAPTAIN COE.



BEDFORD COTTAGE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. JAMES JEWITT, THE NEWMARKET TRAINER.



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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.*

## THE WEEK.

When our "Tommies" go out to fight, we can at least support them with our cash upon the Stock Exchange, regardless of intrinsic values, military positions, or any such unimportant details, and the good old British Public has been engaged in this patriotic game all the week—at least, during such spare moments as could be found in the intervals of chanting Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" and subscribing to one or other of the numerous War Funds which the editors of most of our enterprising contemporaries find it profitable to "boom." What a relief it must be to take up *The Sketch* and find we are not begging for anything or trying to sell the manuscript of a poem or the original of some war-picture, at a price altogether preposterous when compared with its merits!

During the week, very little has transpired from the African side to either encourage the bulls or the bears. On the one hand, a large number of troops have been landed at Cape Town, and a further important detachment sent on to Durban; on the other, it is becoming more evident every day that the relief of Ladysmith is going to be a very difficult undertaking to accomplish, and may disorganise all the plans for our advance in force through the Orange Free State to Pretoria. We cannot see that, as a general result, Kaffirs ought to be higher.

The payment for the Treasury Bills caused very little inconvenience, owing to the fact that the Japanese Government had secured about half of the amount offered, and the result has been an easier tone in the Money Market and some slight falling away in discounts.

Generally speaking, there has not been a very large business doing on the Stock Exchange, and what dabbling there is, so far as the little speculator is concerned, has been pretty well confined to South Africans, although South Americans, especially Uruguay Government Bonds and some Argentine Rails, have attracted shrewd buyers, and brokers tell us that there are inquiries for Industrials, which looks as if a revival in this direction might be expected.

## THE OUTLOOK FOR CONSOLS.

From time to time during the year now closing we have pointed out the comparative dearth of Consols, and have steadily urged Trustees and others to withdraw their funds from Goschens to invest them in stocks yielding a higher rate, with security equally safe, financially if not sentimentally. Consols have fallen with as much persistency as we have advised their sale, although the price is now some 2 per cent. over the lowest touched this year. On Jan. 3 last the opening quotation was 111, only  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. above this year's top price. As the Fashoda crisis loomed on the horizon, the quotation gradually fell, and as war with France became more and more an open question, the price slid right away to 101 $\frac{3}{4}$  on the day when the political atmosphere was most uncertain. Since then, dear money has been the main cause of the want of a rise, coupled with the Transvaal War. Besides this, the demand for Consols has considerably diminished by reason of the considerations we have put forward with regard to the extravagance of buying the stock, so that bulls of Goschens have not enjoyed a happy year.

Nor do we see any reason why the price should rise to any extent for another six months, or, at least, until the war is over. The Money Market has to face a much more stringent situation than it has yet done, and the bolstering up of credit in the United States by the Treasury will probably make the position worse instead of better when the real pinch comes at the end of the year. The banks on this side will want the usual amount of extra cash for their window-dressing at Christmas-time, and if the coming Kaffir boom should start within the next few weeks, the Stock Exchange will want all the money it can get for carrying-over purposes. Although money may become cheaper in the New Year, March will bring the War Budget, with its possible suspension of more Sinking Fund millions. These are the reasons which lead us to the conclusion that Consols are still three or four per cent. above their market value, and it would not surprise us to see the price down to par while 1900 is in the days of its youth.

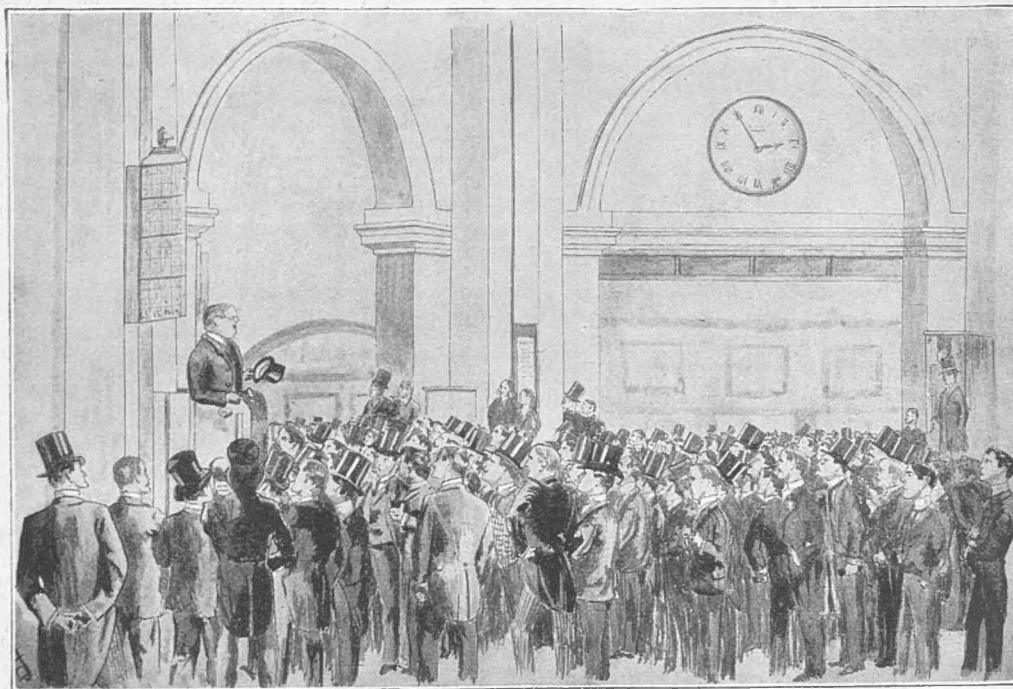
## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Now, why," asked my client, as we discussed the rise in Rhodesians, "did the owl howl?" Mystified at so curious a question in such a serious conversation, I frankly pleaded ignorance, never dreaming of the hoary chestnut that followed. "It was," said my client, "because the woodpecker would peck her." Of course, one cannot throw things at a client, however much one longs to, so I had to summon up a ghastly grin and say, "Ha! very good, that! Most excellent!" But the man was in quite a serious frame of mind, after all, and went on to dilate upon the folly of rushing up Rhodesians at their present rate of speed. According to his theory—and I have met with it again and again in several unexpected quarters of the Kaffir Market—the public are sure to get "pecked" whenever the engineers of this rapid rise care to turn round sellers. Certainly we have seen the same thing happen over and over again in Rhodesians—I do not allude, of course, to Chartered, which have their own pivots to spin on, independently of the Rhodesian Market—and it is most probable that a sudden check will fall upon its shares just the same as in former days. The market has awakened to the view promulgated by *The Sketch* in the early part of the war, namely, that Rhodesians would be more likely to benefit immediately by hostilities than the Kaffir Circus, and the attraction of native labour to Rhodesia, upon which so much of the present rise has been based, was then clearly prophesied. Readers who took advantage of the advice then given now stand to make handsome profits, and, as the advance has been so forced, it seems the wisest plan to adopt would be to take those gains.

As a title for our picture this week, I suggested "The Tragedy of the Stock Exchange," and was promptly overruled. (The weakest still goes to the wall, you see.) So far as I know, it is the first time that such a scene as the "hammering" of a member has appeared, and the view has been drawn by a House man who is quite familiar with the sight. This I say, as showing that it is no fancy sketch,

such as appeared in the *Graphic* a few weeks back, when it was attempted to pictorially describe the scene at the hammering of Kruger. It was nicely drawn. This, however, aims principally at accuracy. The waiter stands, his head uncovered, at the western end of the Kaffir Market, and, with a small wooden "hammer," he smites three blows on the side of his stand. However great may be the noise and excitement at the time, his summons never fails to compel the most complete silence. After the third stroke, he proclaims that "Mr. So-and-So begs to inform the House that he cannot comply with his bargains." The phraseology is altered in the case of defaulters who decamp, or under other exceptional circumstances. One of the most curious incidents in modern years connected with hammering was when a man was "declared" at a time that he himself was in the market. A few



"HAMMERED!"

friends came forward to proffer their sympathy, but, with a shout that it was all a mistake, the member bounded up to the Committee-Room. Conflagrations, explanations, and compensations. His initials had been confused, and triumphantly he returned to the House. This time he was greeted as a conquering hero, and lived happily ever afterwards.

They tell me in the Yankee Market that Chesapeakes are the right things to buy for a speedy profit. Yankees, however, are much more likely to go lower before Christmas than in the other direction. Mr. Secretary Gage's little expedients of relieving the Money Market in New York by buying millions of dollars' worth of Government bonds are all very well as temporary supports; but supposing that the Money Market should not ease off as quickly as he seems to think it will? With the usual year-end requirements for money, added to the necessities of the war-chest, it does not seem at all unlikely that we shall have a 6 per cent. Bank Rate before Christmas, if not the 7 per cent. predicted by a well-known member of the Consol Market. I don't see much catch in buying Yankees at present, and should prefer to wait for the New Year before laying in stock. Bear operations look almost as dangerous as bull tactics, for the Americans command the market, and the Associated Banks command them. The best thing to do is to deal on the short-profit-and-quick-returns principle. Louisville and Southern Pacifics can often be turned over three or four times a week at a dollar profit a time, and, with Yankees in their present condition, there is not much else to do. But Chesapeakes might be locked up for selling in the future at a much higher price, while, of the Preference shares, Denvers are being largely bought by people intimately connected with Amsterdam and New York.

Looking round for something to buy or sell, so as to provide Christmas presents for the bairns without troubling what a broker used to call his "P.K." (Petty Kash), the Grand Trunk Market holds out distinct possibilities to the speculator. If the First Preference stock is worth 86 $\frac{1}{4}$ , the 4 per cent. Guaranteed should certainly stand higher than 82 $\frac{1}{4}$ , at which price the yield to an investor is only a shade under 5 per cent. The stock has been to 94 $\frac{1}{2}$  earlier in the year, which is nearly 12 points above the present quotation, while the First Preference is less than 2 per cent. under its high-water mark of 1899. Both as a speculation and investment, the Guaranteed looks attractive.

Another stock which yields just 5 per cent., or a trifle over, is Anglo-American Telegraph Preferred Ordinary, vulgarly known as Anglo B, the price of which is 117 $\frac{1}{2}$ . There is no doubt that the company will be able to continue to pay the interest on this stock for at least another year. Further than that it is impossible to see, but the Fates are in favour of a continuance of the dividend. Regarded as a speculative investment, the stock is cheap, and greatly in its favour is the free market that always exists. Wireless Telegraphy is not going to cut out the other kind yet awhile, and buyers of Anglo B will most likely be wanting, in the course of time, to fall with grateful tears upon the neck of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.



## DOCK STOCKS.

To deal in most descriptions of Dock Stocks is about as easy as it is to pronounce the two words quickly. But the market has received a good deal of attention during the last week, owing, of course, to the projected amalgamation between two of the great London companies, and also on account of the proposed tax on barges for which several of the Dock Boards are now agitating. For many years, the principal companies have, in several instances, experienced the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet, and it may be truthfully said that the kill or cure of the companies is practically in the hands of the present Parliament, which can grant or refuse the privilege of imposing the barge tax just referred to.

The amalgamation of the London and St. Katharine Docks with the East and West India, should it be sanctioned by the stockholders, is not regarded in the Stock Exchange as of any special importance. Various economies there naturally will be in the way of working expenses and so on; but neither concern, is what one might call flourishing, as may be seen by the fact that the £100 Ordinary stock of the East and West India Company is quoted at 21, while St. Katharine's Ordinary can be bought at about 48 per cent. discount. Millwall Dock stock stands in the neighbourhood of 20, and even before the frauds were discovered the price this year never got higher than 58½. On the other hand, Surrey Commercial Dock Ordinary commands a premium of over 40 per cent., and is greatly beloved of investors yearning for a safe and steady 4 per cent. on their money. But it is not a fascinating market, and the dealers who job therein are fain to eke out a scanty livelihood by adding Bank shares, Gas, Insurance, and what not to their lists.

## SIR JOHN FORREST SOLILOQUISETH.

Dull-eyed care sat gloomily on the brow of West Australia's Premier. Every now and then he looked up at a map of the goldfields with which his name is now linked for all time; but no thought of gratified vanity could have called forth the heavy sigh that occasionally escaped his lips. He was musing upon the strange inconsistency of the London Mining Market, and a copy of *The Sketch* was in his hand, the open page bearing the title "City Notes." He glanced again at the map and again at the paper he held. "All Kaffirs, Kaffirs, Kaffirs!" he moodily exclaimed. "West Australians neglected on account of South Africans. It was always the way. And yet—no racial question, no dynamite monopoly, no taxes, no Leyds, no drunken 'boys,' or gold-amalgam stealers. British Government, enthusiastic Premier, marvellous crushings—what more can people want? The only serious difficulty out here has been the water-supply, but that, I think, is surmounted to everybody's satisfaction. These sulphide and other treatments are bothersome, certainly, but what are they compared to the cost and labour of boring 3000 feet, as they do without a murmur of difficulty in the Transvaal? Time is the one thing needful to put the matter right, and yet these London stock-jobbers run down prices if their bloated anticipations are not realised. Dividends? Well, our best mines pay more than almost any others in the world, and yet their shares are the ones which are most violently sold on every rumour of trouble with the slimes or tailings or——" The soliloquy broke off at the sound of a knock upon the study-door. "Come in," said Sir John, and his servant entered with a cable on the silver salver. The Premier listlessly opened the envelope, read the wire, and threw the paper disgustfully into the fire. "I'm positively sick of these bear raids on Lake Views and Associateds!" was all he said.

## A PROMISING ARGENTINE RAILWAY.

We have expressed our opinion on the securities of one or two Mexican Railways within the last few weeks, and on this occasion we should like to call our readers' attention to the securities of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific line. The 4 per cent. First Debenture stock at 104 leaves little room for improvement, but the 4½ per cent. Second Debentures at 98 are attractive enough for people who desire a fair return. In our judgment, the proper value of this security is about 105, and we fully expect that, when the conditions of the Money Market improve, the stock will gradually creep up to about the figure we have named. It is the 7 per cent. First Preference stock, however, which appears to us most attractive, at 138, or rather, the new securities which under the splitting scheme are to be substituted, and which can be bought for the special settlement. The old stock got its full interest on the results of 1898, and since July the traffics have improved to the extent of £49,258, or, say, at the rate of £150,000 a-year. The new 5 per cent. First Preference, which is a cumulative stock, can be bought at 97 or 98, and, unless things alter for the worse to an alarming extent, is, in all human probability, quite safe for its interest, and appears a very good purchase; while the Second Pref at 77, and even the Ordinary at the present price of 48-49, are both securities which may be locked up with every prospect of improvement. At the rate the traffics are going, the Second Pref. is pretty sure to get its full dividend, and something looks like being paid on the Ordinary.

A few thousand pounds spread over the stocks of this line, of the Inter-Oceanic and National of Mexico, and the "A" and "B" Debentures of the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas Road, will return a man good interest and the promise of considerable improvement in capital value within the next few years. For the twelve months ending June last the net profits of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway amounted to £234,000, which gave, after deducting Debenture interest, a surplus of £76,000 for dividend purposes. The increased traffics, allowing

52 per cent. for working expenses (last year's rate), look like adding another £70,000 net, so that there should be £146,000 to distribute.

To pay 5 per cent. on the First Preference requires £35,000, a like sum on the Second Preference £38,500, and 5 per cent. on the Ordinary £37,500, and, if our estimate is justified, the latter distribution appears well within the bounds of probability, especially as the Argentine is in for a bumper wheat-harvest, and the improvement in the price of wool is also bound to add to the general prosperity of the country.

## THE CALICO-PRINTING COMBINE.

This long-expected combination is to make its appearance in a few days, and will include about 90 per cent. of the firms engaged in the trade. The capital will consist of £6,000,000 in shares and £4,500,000 in 4 per cent. Debentures, and the issue now about to be made will, we hear, amount to £8,000,000.

## ISSUES.

The Colt Gun and Carriage Company, Limited, is inviting public subscriptions for 250,000 shares of £1 each, part of a proposed capital of £500,000. The company will acquire the patent rights of a new automatic gun, and also the rights for a new carriage invented by the Earl of Dundonald. It is claimed for the gun that it is light, has no perceptible recoil, requires no water-jacket, fires 480 shots a minute, and is so simple that, if it gets jammed, the operator can take out the defective cartridge in a very short time; while, as to the Dundonald carriage, we are told it is unequalled for lightness and strength, carries a large quantity of ammunition, can be instantly unlimbered for action, and gives an all-round fire. The gun has been adopted by the United States Government, and two have been taken by our troops to South Africa for experimental purposes. The Board is certainly strong, and there can be little question that the gun is a very good one. In these days, when every nation is arming to the teeth, there should be room for both the Colt and the Maxim, although it is not likely that the South African Republic will be as large customers of this company as they have been of its rivals in the past. The company acquires 52 patent rights, and the purchase-price is £300,000, of which £100,000 must be in shares, and as to £150,000 of the balance, the directors have the option of paying either in cash or shares, as they may think best.

John Brown and Co., Limited, invite subscriptions for 40,000 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each at a premium of £2. The company carries on the well-known steel-works at Sheffield, and the present issue is made to provide the capital required for the purchase and carrying on of the business of the Clydebank Engineering and Shipbuilding Company, which has recently been acquired. Shipbuilding has become a recognised and lucrative part of the business of our great steel-works since the amalgamation of Armstrong and Whitworth and the purchase of the Naval Armament Works at Barrow by the great Vickers' combination, and we look upon the shares now offered as a sound 4 per cent. investment. The assets are valued at £2,892,000, and the profits last year were £263,000, having exceeded £200,000 every year since 1895. The total sum required to pay debenture interest is only £9112 a-year, and the contracts in hand exceed £3,000,000. The only thing which can be said against the issue is that it is difficult to see how the price can rise beyond about £13 a share, so that investors do not get much chance of a material increase in capital value.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1899.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SUM.—(1) We don't know that we can recommend the thing you want. Perhaps Exploring Land and Minerals, Rhodesia Land, White's Consolidated, and Dunravens might do. (2) The Photographic craze seems to have caused the rise. If we held shares, we should see the result of the year's working.

C. C.—The people you name pay, we believe, but they are not accurate with their accounts, and will certainly rob you if they can.

BALL.—We should advise you to have no dealings with either of the people you name. If you are fool enough to deposit money with any of the outside brokers, you deserve to lose it.

SCOT.—We believe no work has been done towards shaft-sinking on the Cinderella Deep property. The Main Reef series is supposed to enter the property at about 3000 feet below the surface. We can see no catch in either these shares or those of the parent company.

J. M. B.—We will make inquiries as to the Electric Lamp Company of which you send prospectus. All we can say now is that there is absolutely no market for the shares, either to buy or sell.

A WEEKLY READER.—It is very difficult to say what you had better do with the Market Trust shares. On the whole, we should sell them for what they will fetch.

L. O. M.—See this week's "Notes." We can send you the brokers' names only by private letter, as we never mention them in this column.

The Rev. Joseph Holmes, the veteran Vicar of Swineshead, Lincolnshire, whose portrait appeared in the last issue of *The Sketch*, writes me a charming letter, in the course of which he adds a few supplementary remarks to those that appeared with the photo. Mr. Holmes's jubilee, it seems, was kept with the utmost spirit, a special service being held in the church and a free tea being given to the whole parish. In grateful recognition of a life spent amongst them and for them, the parishioners presented their beloved Vicar with a splendid and costly service of plate. May he be spared for many years yet to carry on the good and zealous work for which his name will be ever remembered!

The birthday of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American millionaire, who passes most of his time in Scotland, occurs on Nov. 25, when he completes his sixty-second year. It was at Dunfermline, north of the Tyweed, that Mr. Carnegie first saw the light, his father being a poor weaver who emigrated to America in 1845. Mr. Carnegie himself has told us that his first week's earnings in the new country were one dollar and twenty cents, and he is now a millionaire several times over. He once wrote in an album, "I should as soon leave to my son a curse as the almighty dollar." This was before his only child, a daughter, unexpectedly appeared in 1897.